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THE HON. W. H. SMITH.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY COTTAGES

NOW that Parliament has accepted the plan set forth in Mr. Wheatley's Building Act the occasion seems fitting to suggest that means should be adopted to secure for the new cottages a fair amount of comeliness as well as comfort. It is a point neglected in the House of Commons, and we are well aware of the difficulty of securing for it the attention it deserves. The tide, moreover, is set in a contrary direction. It is apparently in favour of standardisation as a means of keeping down expense, which threatens to increase owing to deficiency of builders, which must ultimately result in a demand for increase in wages, and to the tendency for building material to become more costly. The Government wants to put up a huge number of houses and the worker to keep a tight hold on high wages. Seemliness is in danger of being squeezed out between these weights. The effect will be felt most in country cottages; the townsman's pleasure is not so intimately bound up with his dwelling as is that of the villager. Even in the dulness of winter he has many amusements to fall back upon, and the lighted streets and shop windows are more alluring than dark lanes and leafless trees. The attractions of the country can prevail over those of the town only when the home has a charm as well as being a shelter.

However, we are not writing to cast blame on anyone, but only to make a suggestion. Most people are agreed, nowadays, that it actually pays a country to have its poorest citizens well housed. Patriotism requires it. The man

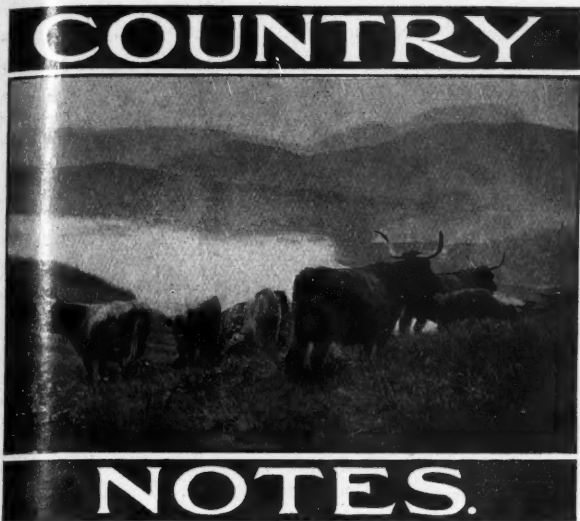
of only average intelligence does not think of his country as the whole. What it means to him is the one little bit of England that he calls home. Up to the end of the eighteenth century England was a country of small holdings. Hosts of travellers have described the little farms of the time and the profusion of thatched houses. Many remain even now. At this time of day it is surely not necessary to argue that homes, not rabbit-hutches, should be built. The houses should be as large and convenient as those built for labourers in the nineteenth century. They should also be attractively designed. Fortunately, as far as the walls and outward appearance go, there are excellent models extant, though the architect has hitherto neglected them. We do not refer to cottages built expressly for the housing of labourers, but to those erected mostly in the eighteenth century for tenants or owners of a little land, nests of whom were found in all parts of Great Britain. We have often written of those that continue to exist in East Anglia and the North of England, but equally good examples can be found in the Western Counties, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall. Take Wiltshire as an example, and in it may still be traced the occupation of large tracts of country by men who were only small farmers. Actually on Salisbury Plain can be found groups of little houses for little farmers that make one wonder why, when such examples are in being, there should be so common a lack of design in the new structures. We are not at present referring to internal convenience, which must be attended to, but to external appearance and planning. Some are going to ruin, but the majority are let to labourers. The county council or whatever local authority takes charge of the housing scheme ought to have these charming cottages photographed. Nothing equal to them is being contemplated. They are not of an expensive type, and would be no dearer to build than those now being erected. Most of them were put up by the small farmer himself. That was when the small farm flourished. No one can motor through the western counties of England without being struck by the sparseness of the population. What a beautiful but what a desolate panorama passes before the eye in our great regions of Wilts and Somerset, of Devon and Cornwall, with only here and there a herdsman or a man at a plough to show it is not utterly forsaken. When English agriculture was at its best, when flocks and herds were larger than at present and the yield of arable land greater, the proportion of men engaged in husbandry was much larger than now, and in agriculture we took first place among the nations. Now we depend upon oversea production for about four-fifths of our food supply and the land is passing back into waste. The other day a Canadian who has made a fortune out of husbandry in the West remarked that if it were necessary for him to start afresh he would prefer England as the best country in the world from a settler's point of view. A practical proof that others are of the same mind is found in the increase of the number of foreign farmers in our midst. The Dane, at any rate, thoroughly appreciates the advantage of providing food for England by coming to England itself in preference to carrying on the industry from a distance as he has to do at home.

In administering the Building Act it should be kept in view that progress in agriculture is essential to the continued existence of this country as we have known it. We are on the eve of great changes in our greatest industry, and attractive homes will be needed to induce the right men to take part in carrying them through.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. William Henry Smith, eldest son of Viscount Hambleden, and grandson of Mr. W. H. Smith, founder and head of W. H. Smith and Sons, and sometime Leader of the House of Commons. His grandson's coming of age has just been celebrated at Greenlands.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COMING of age festivities are, in almost every case, attended by cordiality within the family circle and sympathy without. Holy Writ tells how a mother forgets her suffering for joy that a man-child is brought into the world, and that happiness is at once widened and intensified at the rejoicing when the heir, in Roman fashion, assumes the toga, or, in our simpler method of greeting, is ushered into the rank of manhood. Such rites of merry-making are held of high import in our oldest families, and are still more welcome in connection with such a family as that of Lord Hambleden. In this case it is an incident in a most honourable history. Mr. W. H. Smith, the founder, began at a low rung in the ladder, but by tenacity of will and great, though unostentatious, ability worked himself up to such a station that no surprise was felt when he was chosen for one of the most eminent of public positions, that of Leader of the House of Commons. History will always relate how ably he fulfilled its duties. No family has had a founder of whom there is more reason to be proud. England never deserved Napoleon's sneer that it was a nation of shopkeepers, but the glory of the race has always been that its great men have possessed the highest commercial qualities, such as clear heads to understand, and exactitude, rectitude and promptness in acting upon their convictions. The grandson of that founder could not have inherited a greater tradition had his ancestors crossed with the Conqueror.

THE eve of the Twelfth witnessed an even larger urban exodus than is usual, and the loaded trains with their human and canine passengers puffed like giants toiling up a mountain top. Most of the passengers must have felt it difficult to form a clear idea out of the multitude of rumours about the moors that have been passing. No small proportion of these rumours were contradictory; not from any desire on the part of correspondents to colour the truth, but because of the patchiness of the weather. This was in the later stages. Previously, the outlook had been mostly unfavourable. Early spring was distinctly inclement, and, on the moor we know best, the effect was distinctly to retard marital relations, which may or may not have been a blessing in disguise, as the fine weather that eventually followed had a rainy period as precursor, and the rain was a cold one. Fortunately, the number of sportsmen who count their pleasure by the number of birds killed is diminishing. More dogs went north than usual, and that practically means that there is less driving and more sport in the old style.

SINCE the time when Cobbett used to rail against London as the Great Wen and was listened to with sympathy there has been a great change in the general attitude. London is an object of pride. It is pointed to as the healthiest city in the world; it has got rid of its worst slums, and has become a model in many other respects. These are considerations which incline the mind to sympathy when Dr. Postgate of Cambridge pleads in the *Times*

that its armorial bearings still lack a motto, although it is assumed that the two should go together. There can be no argument against the need of finding one. Dr. Postgate suggests "Urbs Urbium," the "City of Cities," and it will be interesting to learn if a better can be proposed. The superfine critic might object that it sounds vainglorious; but that is inevitable in a motto. The words carry an air of inevitability, but should not be adopted until it is plain that this motto is the best. True, it has been used before, but so long ago that the fact may be taken as a recommendation. The Roman historian Florus says it was applied to Carales (Cagliari), the capital of ancient Sardinia. Alternatives put forward are "Stet Fortuna Urbis," "Augusta Britannorum" and "Britannorum Focus," but they are not quite so happy.

ANOTHER suggestion made with regard to London is that descriptive passages from authors who have written about London should be printed and set up in the district to which they refer. The example cited is that of Florence, where tablets engraved with references from Dante are placed on the streets, bridges and houses of which he has written. An admirable proposal, designed to familiarise the wayfarer with passages in literature with which he is unfamiliar. That Wordsworth's famous sonnet should be engraved on Westminster Bridge is a proposal which could meet with no dissent. Nearly all our great writers have loved London, as is apparent even from their manner of pretending to chide her. At the same time, it would be well worth while for someone with the requisite taste to compile a really good anthology culled from the poets of London from Chaucer to Henley and later, not omitting to mention the poetasters who have chosen such themes as "The Sweet Shady Side of Pall Mall."

IN A DEVONSHIRE WOOD.

I love a swirling rocky stream
With mossy banks and ferns that lean
Over the water. Trees, ivy wreathed,
With cool, green, leafy boughs sheathed
In lichen. I love the clean cold grey
Of granite boulders half hid away
Among the last year's fallen leaves.
Crimson toadstools sometimes one sees,
Or purple whortleberry. But most of all,
I think, I love the old stone wall;
There I sit in solitude and dream,
And watch the sunlight's fitful gleam,
Or hear the peaceful splash of rain,
And gazing down the grass grown lane,
Unused for years, I see the grasses bend
'Neath ghostly tread, as phantom lovers wend
Their happy way—in a Devonshire Wood.

M. M. M.

AGRICULTURAL crops have arrived at a period in which anxiety is sweetened by hope. They have grown splendidly and will make records if the weather holds good. So far it has exhibited even more than its usual fickleness. Just when the oats were colouring for the reaper came a storm of wind and rain that gave the farmer some nervous moments. If his fields happened to lie in an area of cloudburst, or, at any rate, of one of the enormous downfalls of water such as have deluged so many places, loss has been serious. Where the fall was describable as only a heavy rain the crop was flattened out; but from such a mishap oats possess more power of recovery than wheat does. All is well up to now, not only with this grain but in the case of wheat and barley. The British grower, if he gets his harvest safely gathered in, may enjoy the satisfaction of comparatively good prices; but that will depend on overseas supplies. On Monday night the price of flour dropped by two shillings, owing presumably to reports of better crops in Canada and the United States.

THE "great fight" at Wembley, heralded by the puff preliminary on a grand scale, proved but a poor thing after all. It was all over in nine minutes, and probably those who knew most about it were least surprised at this result. For one round Gibbons appears to have studied

his adversary. Then, having formed his conclusions, he acted on them swiftly. By the end of the second round the fight was virtually over, and the actual end came in the third. Bloomfield did his best, and as far as courage was concerned showed himself no unworthy representative of the race of fighters that produced Mendoza and Dutch Sam, but he clearly did not carry enough guns to stand up to the man who had stood up to Dempsey. If anybody really hoped that a British heavy-weight champion had been unearthed, those hopes were very summarily dashed. There were many unoccupied seats, and it seems as if the public were growing wary of these much boomed contests which give them very little to see. If so, it is not in the least surprising.

THE fine weather at the week-end must have been welcome to many people for many reasons, but the sun certainly did no better deed anywhere than it did at the Oval by shining on the benefit of the admirable Strudwick. Though he had a long day's wicket-keeping to do while the Middlesex batsmen belaboured the Surrey bowlers in a leisurely and methodical manner, it may be hoped and presumed that Strudwick thoroughly enjoyed himself. The wicket-keeper lives laborious days. His gnarled and battered fingers have little rest, neither does his mind; of all men he can least afford to let his attention wander even for a second. The mere thought of how many balls Strudwick must, during his career, have watched from the bowler's hand is one to make us dizzy. That at the age of forty-four, after years and years of wicket-keeping, a man should be chosen for an arduous tour in Australia, where Test matches go on almost for ever, says much for his fitness and enthusiasm as well as for his skill. It is to be hoped that Strudwick has profited from his benefit as he deserves to do, and for his sake the most fervid supporters of Surrey must have ceased for a moment to regret that they have no longer a Richardson, a Lockwood or a Lohmann to shorten the Middlesex innings.

A CASE of some interest both to the motorist and the general public was heard a day or two since by the Todmorden magistrates, when three men were summoned for not having two proper brakes on their vehicles. It was said by the magistrates' clerk that the police had a right to stop a motorist in order to examine his licence but not his brakes. The police inspector, on the other hand, declared that the Corporation omnibuses were regularly stopped and examined as to their brakes by the police of Burnley, and inferred that what could be done at Burnley could also be done in Todmorden. In the end the defendants were fined ten shillings apiece, so that the victory rested for the day with the police. It is obvious that a too efficient policeman might in this matter be almost worse than an inefficient brake, and indignant motorists may conjure up terrific pictures of the whole traffic being held up at some busy cross-roads. But there is, in fact, no reason to think that anything of the kind would occur, and some such occasional visitation might not only save pedestrians from motorists, but motorists from themselves.

THE camp at New Romney, originated four years ago by the Duke of York, in which a certain number of Public School boys and an equal number of boys of the working-class spend a holiday together and live a communal life, has now become a settled and successful institution. The Prince of Wales, when he visited the camp with his brother, described its advantages in words which could not be improved on for simple and straightforward good sense. "It is not always easy," he said, "for people leading different lives and following different professions to get to know each other intimately, and this camp gives you a chance of doing this under what I should say are ideal conditions, and of getting to know each other's values—for we have all values of some sort. This process of understanding is the most important thing in this world and is a tremendous help on many occasions." It is to be hoped that at least some of the friendships made at this camp may be lasting.

A WELCOME announcement has been made that steps are being taken by the Office of Works to have the Roman Wall that stretches from the Tyne to the Solway scheduled as a public monument. It is a very great pity that some measure of protection had not been taken in the eighteenth century, when the British farmer of the north, like his contemporary of the south, was in the habit of turning all the ancient masonry he could lay his hands on into a quarry for building materials. The classic case in the south occurred at Avebury, where the gigantic sarcophagi, or grey wethers, taken from the top of the downs to the circle at Avebury, were first heated by fire till they were red hot, then cracked by pouring water on them, in order to build cow-byres and pigsties. It was the same with that extraordinary remnant of antiquity that the Romans constructed in what are now Northumberland and Cumberland. Stones with Roman inscriptions upon them may still be found in all kinds of buildings. Hadrian's Wall has long been regarded as a quarry. It will take the Office of Works some time to make up a schedule owing to the number of private interests involved.

BALLADE OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.

(To Kathleen, who asked for it.)

In all the days to come
When birthday lists are made,
Kathleen will beg no drum
Or founts of orangeade;
Six words will now invade
The page, and this their sum
(Heedless of ways or means)
"A Dolls' House like the Queen's."

Daughters of those who plumb
And those of every trade,
Who ply their saw or gum,
Or brush or pen or spade
Dream of a fairy glade
In some Millennium,
Where each of them spring-cleans
A Dolls' House like the Queen's.

They dream about Tom Thumb
Fairies in peach brocade,
Who surely would succumb
To bathrooms tiled with jade,
Who would not be afraid
To make as frolicsome
As forest green demesnes,
A Dolls' House like the Queen's.

ENVOY.

Doll Princess, tow may fade
But waxen features glum
Will sparkle when Kathleen's
Dolls' House is like the Queen's!

BARBARA ECPHAR TODD.

IT will be a relief to those who consume tinned meat—and who does not in these days!—to know that the Food Preservation Committee of the Ministry of Health has condemned formaldehyde as a preservative. They describe it as "a preservative substance which is inimical to life and to vital processes of all kinds; it is a powerful protoplasmic poison. Formaldehyde, when ingested, exerts an irritant action upon mucous membranes, and after prolonged use appears to cause inflammatory changes in the liver, and also in the kidneys." Fortunately, there is no likelihood of any dissent being registered against this decision. Traders and consumers are agreed that formaldehyde is a dangerous substance to introduce into tinned food. It would appear to follow that the same argument would apply to chickens, for which it has been thought a good stimulant to egg-laying.

AFTER the first outburst of protest last autumn against the wanton desecration of Lulworth Cove by the Tank School, the subject was allowed to drop, and now it is found that nothing has been done to remove

the abuse. Residents are distracted by daily gunnery practice. Holiday-makers are cut off from the most beautiful part of the English coast. Nothing was done to carry on the remonstrance, for the simple reason that there is no official body to do so. During the past seventy years the fairest stretches of England have, with unerring instinct, been chosen by the War Office for their permanent camps. The commons of West Surrey, Salisbury Plain, North-east Hampshire and a dozen other quiet retreats have been annexed. In France such proposals by the

military have first to receive the sanction of the Minister of Fine Arts, who makes such reservations as will preserve public amenities. Only the other day it was proposed to make a seaplane school on Mont St. Michel. The Minister so directed the scheme that the beauty of the spot is not impaired or the means of access interrupted. As one by one our open spaces are engulfed it may dawn on us that a Minister of Public Amenities may, after all, be worth his salary and preserve a few acres of England worth an army to defend.

CANADA AS A HOME

EXPERIENCES AND ADVICE.

With the meetings of the British Association in Toronto and the approaching holiday of the Prince of Wales on his ranch, Canada is particularly in our thoughts just now. In the following article are put forward some of the less frequently considered views of our nearest and oldest Dominion. The visit of the British Association will serve to unite both sides of the Atlantic, and as the Prince of Wales pointed out in his message to the President, the actual problem of Empire Settlement will receive the attention of the Association. The educational training of boys and girls in this country for life over-seas is a subject worthy the consideration of the best brains of the Empire. The Exhibition has fired the imagination of tens of thousands of children: now is the time to turn their youthful enthusiasm into practical channels. The Association is to be congratulated on their broad outlook, from which nothing but good can result.



THE UNPRETENTIOUS RANCH HOME AND FARM BUILDINGS ON THE E. P. RANCH.

Silos are more generally used in Canada than in the Mother Country.

SPACE and vigour, hard work and success: they are, of course, the offerings of every dominion, and the Britisher unconsciously takes them for granted. Canada in particular affords all these things in abundance. But, cast as it is, Canada can also be the most dear and homely of places. Happiness and the home sense are not dependent altogether on external surroundings. Far more, indeed, do they come from what is put into the home life. And this is true of life in Canada as in any other part of the world. So that, while this article is an attempt to portray what a settler may find offered to him and his family in Canada, it must be set down unhesitatingly that he will not find this, or anything else, if he is not prepared to make Canada his home with all that implies in respect to associations, regardless sometimes of external conditions, strange, unusual, the occasional mishap. All of which will prove worth while if the result is a sense of victory at times over the spiritual as well as the physical: a home made and won and a future the more worth having because of that struggle and its successful conclusion. In other words, the settler going out must not expect to find conditions to which he is accustomed here. He must be prepared to find life not without its difficulties, to find at times those

difficulties not solved immediately and without effort. Given, however, the will to succeed, the determination to put into his life in Canada the best he has to give, he need have no fear of the ultimate result; and it will be strange indeed if, as the result, he is not a bigger, broader, happier and, ultimately, richer man.

In the brief compass of this article it is not possible to do more than outline some of the aspects of life which the new settler will experience. It will not be possible to deal in detail with Canada as a whole. After all, it is a big country, some four thousand miles across; in Europe it would, of course, be several countries. So, in the following, it is proposed to touch upon some phases of rural life in what are known as the prairie provinces. Just a few figures may be worth while. The prairie country extends approximately from Winnipeg on the

east to Calgary on the west, from the international boundary on the south (some sixty miles below Winnipeg and Calgary) to Edmonton and Prince Albert on the north, say 800 miles by 300. The population is, in round figures, two million. This population is divided as to about 55 per cent. on the land and the balance in the cities, towns and villages. Of the inhabitants of the latter a fair percentage, especially in the smaller communities,



THE CANADIAN HOME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Hampshire sheep grazing on the E. P. ranch, Pekisko, Alberta. The Prince of Wales is doing excellent work in introducing pure-bred strains into the district. He is to visit his ranch again next month.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, WINNIPEG. (Frank W. Simon.)



THE BATHING PAVILION, TORONTO. (A. H. Chapman.)



NEW RESIDENCES, TORONTO. (Nobbs and Hyde.)

have land which they farm on shares or in other indirect manner.

While these provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are known as prairie provinces, it does not do to picture a bare, flat expanse as comprising the whole territory. This description applies to the area, say 150 to 200 miles from the United States border in a northerly direction; but even in the case of Manitoba this is not altogether correct and, so far as the more northerly part of the three provinces is concerned, it is a rolling park-like country with lakes and trees and, in the summer months, luxuriant vegetation, a rest to the eye and a wonderful natural pasture for the cattle, the raising of which is becoming so integral a part of the farming operations in that section of the West. To the British settler this is the section which will in the main make the greatest appeal, especially if he has come from the rural parts of Britain. The American settler prefers the open prairie, it resembles largely the country he has left—that is, if he has come from the middle Western States.

The farms are, on the whole, smaller in area in the northern country, but, even so, they will seem big compared to many in the British Isles. Regardless of the capital at his disposal a British settler would do well not to embark on his farming operations on too large a scale. Even the older and well established settlers are finding the advantage in cutting down their holdings to a point which will ensure the greatest possible care and attention to the land. The economic unit is now recognised as being not over half a section (320 acres), that is, a farm a mile in one direction and half a mile in the other. Not only in the mixed farming park country is the day of the big two and three section farm disappearing.

It is, no doubt, inevitable that a picture of farms two or three or even one mile long conjures up sparse settlement, houses far apart, neighbours difficult of access. Compared with the settlement in the south of England perhaps this is so. Yet distances are looked at from a different point of view in the West. In a farming community in which the communal spirit has been well developed a neighbour a mile away is as next door. Both are practically certain to be on the telephone, probably on the same party line; both will almost certainly have a car. The road which runs by one farm will almost certainly run by the next. It may not be a very good road as they are understood here. For a week or so when the frost is coming out of the ground it may be pretty much impassable. Three days' rain may make it difficult to travel. But, after all, the rainfall is only about fifteen inches in the year, of which four or five, perhaps, take the form of snow in the winter, so that there is a greater sense of neighbourliness than one would expect from the mere statistics of the distance. The communal spirit has been mentioned. It is becoming a real factor in the making of Western Canada a place of homes.

The farmers' organisations, "grain-growers' associations," "united farmers" and local co-operative societies are bringing the members of the community together far more closely than was the case, say, twenty years ago, when these organisations did not cover the country as they do now. Little local centres of local interest these are; the members drawn from a radius of, perhaps, six to ten miles, meeting in some farmer's house of an evening or in a school house on a Saturday afternoon, arranging debates for the winter nights, discussing local problems and economic

conditions, getting up concerts and dances for the young people. A change and a rest from the routine of the farm.

The newcomer, if he is wise, will want to throw himself into the life of the community. He will want to know his neighbours, to learn of their problems and from them how to handle his own. True, he will do well to pick his community with care before settling upon the place he is going to make his home. It will make things far easier if he settles in a district that is predominately English speaking; not of necessity of people born in Britain, for Canadians or Americans make the most friendly neighbours in the world. And as for success, that is no attribute belonging exclusively to the people of any one nationality. Nor does home life. The peoples from Northern or Central Europe are behind the English speaking no whit in respect of either.

Canada has only recently acquired schools of architecture, so that it is early to prognosticate what direction will be taken by buildings of the future. Naturally, the French and British colonial styles form the traditional background, both, especially the latter, with some exquisite buildings to their credit. Towards the end of the nineteenth century timber, in which much of the most successful domestic buildings had been executed, reached impossible prices, so that stone and brick, frequently transported from great distances, were compulsory materials. The Gothic revival was particularly strong in Canada, though it was followed by an equally powerful American influence, after McKim, Meade and White's building of the Bank of Montreal in 1903. With its charm, American architecture also brings a



THE UNION STATION, TORONTO.

To be used by the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways.

fatal tendency to standardisation. The provincial legislative buildings erected during the last twenty years reach a noble climax in that of Winnipeg, by Mr. Frank W. Symon, an English architect. Messrs. Sproatt and Ralph have caught the traditional spirit in their Private Residence, Montreal; and Messrs. Nobbs and Hyde have produced some charming and scholarly Adamesque town houses. The Bathing Pavilion at Toronto (A. H. Chapman) is a post-war building, very gay and yet restful. But the greatest designs are the Southam Building, Calgary (Brown and Vallance)—a spirited application of modern Gothic to a skyscraper, and Messrs. Ross, Macdonald, Jones and Lyle's famous Union Station, Toronto (1919). The superb booking hall is the finest thing of its kind in the world, and gives promise of treatments as great as the opportunities which the future has in store.

The new settler need not be lonely. He may be among people the majority of whom do not come from the same country or from the same section of the community from which he came. Their former associations may have been entirely different, but, while remembering his traditions, it is the future with which he will best be concerned. His present occupation is to make a home, the future is for him and his children when that is accomplished. And to this end he is going to have to work, and for eight months at least in every year work hard. It will take his best, not merely in application, but in the study and knowledge of his profession: the profession of farming. There was a time in Canada when it was thought that anyone could be a farmer. It may have been so in England once, as, by the way, it seems to be the idea here now that anyone can run an hotel. Those days have gone for ever. The successful farmer



THE BOOKING HALL, UNION STATION.

Ross, Macdonald, Jones and Lyle.

must have a lot of technical knowledge—not merely of his soil, what it will produce, how it will best produce that at a profit. He must know something about stock, the best strains for his purpose. Does he want to raise beef cattle? he wants the best breeds. Will he go in for Aberdeen-Angus, Shorthorns or Herefords? Is he going in for dairying? Will he milk Holsteins or Ayrshires? As to hogs, Yorkshires make the best western bacon. He must learn the best feed, when and how best to market his produce. He can get all this information free from the agricultural colleges conducted by the various provinces. He can see actual results at the experimental stations conducted by the Provincial and Dominion Governments.

He must be a bit of an engineer. If he is mainly interested in grain growing he may want to use a small tractor. He wants to know something of the idiosyncracies of that remarkable institution the gasoline engine. His barn or his roof may want fixing; a turn for carpentry will come in very handy. True, he can probably hire someone to do this work, but it may take



A FASHIONABLE HOUSE IN TORONTO.

Sproatt and Ralph.



CATTLE GRAZING IN THE FERTILE DISTRICT AROUND PRINCE GEORGE, NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

half a day to get the somebody. He is out that much in time and money, which eats into profits.

If he is farming a half section of 320 acres he will need a hired man. He will need to see he gets the best work out of him. He will find that this is the more practicable if he can do things just as well, if not a little better: certainly, if he does about as much work and treats him more as an equal, within limits, than he would in this country.

Yes, from the day in April that he can first put his team to work on the land till the one in November that the surface is too hard to do his ploughing, he will be a busy man. As a well known former Minister of Agriculture of one of the Western Provinces once said: "The only eight hour day the successful farmer knows is eight hours in the morning and eight hours in the afternoon." Yet he will have time for a little recreation. He will get a few hours' shooting in the fall during the weeks the season is open. The first day of duck shooting in Western Canada, about September 15th, is practically a national holiday. The farmer, the storekeeper and professional man are all out at daybreak that day. And if the settler is lucky enough to have a good slough or lake near him, he will get an odd hour for the evening flight. Later on, for a couple of weeks, he can get after the fat prairie chicken which feed on his stacks or the partridge on the edge of his stubble. And in December, for a couple of weeks, he can get up into the bush, perhaps, half a day by train and twenty or thirty miles by road, and he will get his moose or elk. It is not all work. And, best of all, he is making a home for himself and his children. He will own his land, paying for it gradually, if he likes, if he farms intelligently, out of the profits of his farm. Troubles at times, trials, yes; but what would life be without them? But under conditions immeasurably easier than those under which his pioneer predecessors won success. And if he wins through, he becomes a real solid man.

A word or two as to the procedure in the matter of making a move to Canada and the establishment of the new settler on the land. Only in the exceptional case will it be wise for the new settler to purchase a farm immediately on his arrival in Canada. If he has leisure and the wherewithal to spare, it will well repay him to spend some time, all summer perhaps, looking

over the country, sizing up the various districts and the people who live there. Western Canada is spoken of as one country: in reality, it has many more natural divisions than merely the three provinces which comprise it.

There are localities in which the population is not predominantly of British stock; there are areas in which records show the rainfall is annually below the average which is safe to ensure a crop every year; there are the districts, in Alberta, where farming is only practicable by irrigation.

The Land Settlement Board of the Dominion Government, the Colonisation Departments of the two great railways of Canada, the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific, can be of immense service in giving to the newcomer assistance and advice as to the characteristics of the various parts of the country, and can even, in the case of the railways, sell him land. All this will be of help; but there is nothing like plain practical experience as the final guide. Therefore it is recommended in the majority of cases that the newcomer be advised to work for a year for a farmer. The railway Colonisation Departments know the type of farmer who will give the right kind of guidance. There is always a demand for men wanting to learn. There are so many differences in method between farming in this country and in Canada that practical experience in conditions is most valuable before making investment.

It is true that hundreds, perhaps thousands, have gone on to the land without such experience and have made good; but there are others who would have been far better off for a year or so of practical instruction. As has been said, economic conditions the world over make it highly desirable that the newcomer out to make a home for himself and his family start off with the fewest possible handicaps.

There is every evidence that these islands are about to witness in the next few years a period of emigration such as has been seen at intervals in their history. Students of such things will find that the causes which led to the big migrations to Massachusetts and Virginia in the early days of the seventeenth century were not dissimilar to those which are operating to-day. There was then the unsettlement following the wars with Spain; the young men, especially from the coast counties, had seen a bit of the world, with privateers and so forth, and longed for



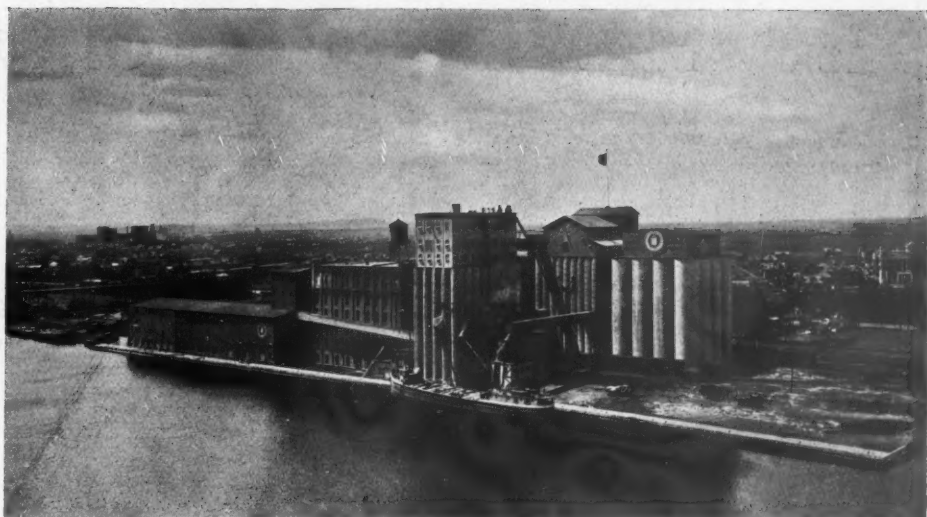
A FLOCK OF SHEEP IN THE PARK-LIKE COUNTRY OF NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN.

the open spaces. If there is absent to-day the great religious driving force which was so largely responsible for the creation of the State of Massachusetts, there is possibly at work here now a conviction that the economic policy of the Governments of this country are tending more and more to stifle individualism, by taxation to minimise the chance of the rising generation to carve out such a future for itself as will be possible in the Dominions. These conditions, history shows, always have the same reaction on the Anglo-Saxon people—they migrate. In the seventeenth century it took them weeks in frail cockle-shells of boats; to-day it is a matter of days in floating hotels. Unless signs are wrong, the race is on the move. Canada is confident that in years to come future generations will arise to bless the conditions which led to the re-establishment of families on her broad acres: children occupying positions totally out of reach had they remained in these islands. Space and vigour, hard work and success are Canada's offer to the new-comer.

It would not be fair to attempt to give a picture of country life in Western Canada without touching on climatic conditions. The atlas is the authority for the statement that Canada lies in the North Temperate zone. The parallels of latitude disclose the fact that Edmonton, for example, is approximately on the same parallel as Liverpool.

By the European the Canadian climate may be regarded as one of extremes; by the Canadian it is a climate of which, on the whole, he is justifiably proud. The summers are hot and the winters are cold. It makes for stamina in the race, it gives to the wheat the hardness for which it has won world reputation. Experience has proved the way to make the most of it: homes are warm in winter—centrally heated, of course—and adapted so that they can be kept cool in the heat of the summer. Only on the very few days in the depth of winter need the stock be kept altogether in the barn. Only when the occasional blizzard is raging does the human want to stay indoors. The fact that the average rainfall is only some 15 ins. a year gives evidence of the amount of sunshine the West annually enjoys. No Brion who has lived in the West would exchange his climate for that of these islands.

The history of mankind is a record of the northward march of racial supremacy. From 3400 B.C., when it centred in Upper Egypt, with its mean temperature of 76° Fahr., through Rome with 60° Fahr., to London and New York, about 50° Fahr., which is practically that of Canada to-day, it has been steadily to the lower mean temperatures that the centre of civilisation has moved. As to the hardness of the race, the record of the 500,000 Canadians in the Great War bears eloquent testimony.



THE BIG PLANT OF THE OGILVIE MILLING COMPANY AT FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO.



AN EXPERIMENTAL PLOT AT ONE OF THE FARMS MAINTAINED BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT



A "BETTER FARMING" TRAIN AT A COUNTRY POINT IN MANITOBA. SENT OUT BY PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT IN CO-OPERATION WITH RAILWAYS TO BRING LATEST FARMING METHODS DIRECT TO THE PEOPLE.

The FAMILY LIFE of a GOLDEN EAGLE

By SETON GORDON.

HOW rarely a golden eagle is seen at close quarters. When roaming, perhaps, upon the wind-swept and remote plateau of Brae Riach beside the Wells of Dee, just 4,000ft. above sea level, the mountaineer may see a grim, purposeful, aerial form, scattering the white-winged ptarmigan so that they fly wildly and at a great height for safety. This is the eagle as he shows himself to the unconcealed human form; how different is this magnificent bird when viewed from the shelter of a hiding tent not more than 15ft. distant.

My wife and I had long cherished the ambition to study a golden eagle at close quarters, but it was not until this year that an eyrie was located in a sufficiently easy position to permit of the erection of a hiding tent. What plans we devised to render the eagle unsuspecting there is no space to narrate. Suffice to say that these contrivances were successful, and that, one grey May morning when driving showers from the western ocean swept across the hills, my wife entered the "hide,"

drops down to the nest. She eats something from under the eaglet, then slowly, with a very dignified motion, settles down to brood it. She sits with her back to me, having no suspicions of the hiding tent. The feathers of her head are light chestnut brown, her back is dark brown, and white bases of feathers show on wings and shoulders. Her feet are yellow, bill and claws grey-blue.

"12.30 p.m.—A stone, possibly dislodged by a grazing sheep, fell down the gorge and the eagle looked round angrily.

"12.55 p.m.—The eagle stood up in the eyrie, then walked across to the lambs and began to feed. She swallowed great mouthfuls, and from time to time tore off small morsels of flesh and, reaching over very gently towards the eaglet, fed her child. If the pieces were too large for the small chick she swallowed them herself. The feeding of herself and the eaglet lasted just fifteen minutes.

"1.15 p.m.—Raining heavily. Eagle very still and rain drops lying on her feathers. Robin singing near, and redstart uttering



"THE EAGLE LOOKED ROUND ANGRILY."

and the shepherd and I made an ostentatious departure from the scene in order to distract the attention of the eagle.

The Queen of Birds on our arrival had left her eyrie with unhurried, stately movements and now stood perched upon a rock some 300yds. from the nest. The eaglet, just under a fortnight old, lay with half-closed eyes at the bottom of the eyrie. Its feathers as yet had not commenced to sprout, and it was covered with a coat of thick white down.

I cannot do better than quote the following extract from my wife's notes to show the progress of events after she had been left alone in her observation post:

"10.40 a.m.—Watch in 'hide' commenced. Mist and rain. Eaglet lying still, cheeping incessantly. Around the eyrie, placed in a narrow wooded gorge, steeply sloping, the following birds heard in song: common wren, missel thrush, willow warbler, redstart, chaffinch, robin, ring ousel. Eaglet calls plaintively 'sweet, sweet, sweet, thui.' In the eyrie are the remains of lambs—found dead on the hillside by the eagles, for the lambing season this year has been unusually bad.

"11.30 a.m.—My peephole in the 'hide' is momentarily darkened as the eagle settles on the branch of a birch tree, then

its alarm note. The eagle yawns, and at 2.20 looks down and under her, perhaps to see if the eaglet is awake. Shakes the rain from her plumage.

"2.35 p.m.—Eagle asleep, with eyes closed and drooping head. A redstart suddenly sings close at hand, waking up the eagle, which glares round angrily at this disturbance.

"2.45 p.m.—She hears something. (Just at this time from my look-out position a mile up the glen I had seen the male bird fly swiftly over the nest, heading east, perhaps to his hunting ground).

"5 p.m.—My relief arrives to let me out of the 'hide' after a watch of six and a half hours."

The two following days I took the watch while my wife from the hill above spied the eagles when they came in her view. The weather had changed, and the hills and lonely glen were flooded with brilliant sunshine.

At 11.40 a.m., when I was left in the "hide," the eaglet was dozing, and at times playing with the lining of the nest. No fresh food had been brought to the nest for at least a day—probably much longer—and the lambs were by now distinctly "high." I had been less than half an hour in my place of concealment



SHE STOOD A MOMENT ON THE EDGE OF THE NEST
GAZING AT THE EAGLET.

when the eagle arrived. She did not, as on the previous day, brood her young bird continuously, but made several excursions from the nest, for she doubtless considered that the eaglet was sufficiently warmed by the sun's rays. On each occasion of her return home the first thing she did was to devour pieces of lamb, then feed her chick. Each time, too, she pulled at the lining of the nest, where the eaglet had been resting, and appeared to eat small white objects—perhaps maggots. Sometimes, when brooding



THE RAIN STOOD IN BEADS ON HER PLUMAGE AS SHE
BROODED HER YOUNG

her young, she was annoyed by flies, and snapped at these as a dog might have done.

It was interesting to see how alarmed she became on hearing the bleating of a sheep in the vicinity, for she apparently associated that sound with the approach of the shepherd. Once she brought a bunch of heather to the eyrie, once she alighted with a fresh green branch of a birch tree in her bill. But never once during the three day's vigil beside the eyrie did she bring prey of any kind,



SHE TORE A MORSEL OF FLESH FROM A DEAD LAMB AND, REACHING OVER VERY GENTLY
GAVE IT TO HER CHICK.

her behaviour in that respect being very different to that of the pair described by Mr. Harry MacPherson in his most interesting book, "The Home Life of a Golden Eagle."

Another unusual point was the absence of the cock bird. Occasionally he was seen passing high overhead, but never put in an appearance at the nest. The explanation, I think, was that hunting was hard here. There were no grouse in the glen, no hares, and scarcely a rabbit to be seen. Thus the eagles had to depend mainly upon the stock of dead lambs on the ground, and when these had been exhausted found it a difficult matter to feed even one youngster.

On account of my position I was unable to follow the movements of the mother eagle after she had flown from the nest, but I was later informed by my wife that the great bird spent most of her time "off duty" perched on the topmost cairn of a

hill 3,000ft. high situated just across the glen. On one occasion, before returning to the eyrie, she rose to a height of some 6,000ft., then dropped to the nest in three volplaning rushes in the astonishing time of just six seconds!

It was charming to watch the devotion of the eagle to her young. Once she fondled the eaglet's head, and when she fed it did so with extreme care and gentleness. When walking on to brood the young she bent her legs outward and half closed her claws lest inadvertently she might injure her small child.

Because of the game preserver and the egg collector the eagle has but an indifferent time of it in Scotland.

A pair of these birds were rash enough to nest in grouse country this spring. The hen was shot from the nest. The cock fell a victim to a poisoned fowl set temptingly for him, and the young perished in the nest.

The ACTIVITIES of a COUNTRY ESTATE

HOLKHAM WORKS DEPARTMENT.

PROBABLY nothing will uproot from the public mind the belief that landlords are solely concerned with the collection of their rents also the preoccupations of spending revenue so obtained. That this unkind fancy is so wide of fact is patent to the readers of a paper like COUNTRY LIFE, who as a class are more interested than any other in the details of good estate finance and administration. The Holkham estate of the Earl of Leicester, situated on the north coast of Norfolk and one of the largest in England, offers a noteworthy example, but although many will concede success to the grand scale of working they may doubt its practicability for average size domains. On the other hand ground-work principles are the same for all, and nowhere is the modern spirit of regarding estate administration as strict business better exemplified.

Much of the land on the Holkham estate is of very high quality, the average, taking the entire area into account, being undoubtedly high. Generally it is light in character, but of a sufficiently loamy substance to repay the highest efficiency in farming. The district is noted for its barley, as Burton brewers would be willing to testify. In order that farming tenants may do justice to the excellent natural opportunities here presented, their holdings must be well equipped in all particulars. Buildings, sheds, gates, fences, drains, watercourses, each item must be in accordance with the crops to be harvested. Since sheep are a necessity on such land the conditions affecting their welfare must receive prime attention. In effect, all this boils down to a competent works department.

At Holkham there are four main departments of management. First is the chief accountant who has charge of the office work and of the accounts of all other departments. The forester is responsible for the woods, roads, sea defences and marsh drains. The farm manager has to attend to the cultivation of all farms in hand, besides doing the sundry buying and selling in relation thereto. The clerk of the works supervises the buildings, saw-mills, carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops and brick yards, with general maintenance in addition, which covers a variety of items difficult to name in a list. Lord Leicester himself takes charge of the game department, which, by the way, is liable by reason of incorrect assessment to lose more money on rating and taxation than any other form of estate property.

In every effective scheme of administration the busiest man of all is without any definitely allotted task. Thus, Mr. Arthur E. W. Tower, the agent, has no department of his own, but keeps touch with all and holds himself ready to supply critical decisions where needed. The vast area concerned involves him in many public duties, such as chairman of the Wells Harbour Board and of various municipal committees, not to forget the responsibilities of secretary to Lord Leicester as Lord Lieutenant of the county. Lord Leicester himself is also unremitting in his attentions to the estate, for he sits constantly in committee with his agent, besides keeping personal touch with all important work proceeding. Generally speaking, his method is to have a budget of each year's work prepared, so that the schemes in contemplation and the expense they involve may be considered together. The programme, being once agreed upon, is followed as closely as circumstances permit.

In my own scamper round I could not follow any logical system, nor do more than witness as we came to them the various operations proceeding. For instance, my attention was naturally drawn to the comfortable dwellings which had been provided in the course of years for workers on the estate. To those who know the district the ilex avenue leading to the main park entrance will be a familiar feature, for no one can have failed to admire the dwellings set back therefrom which give an air of contented well-being to the entire place. In the hinterland are many other houses, all in the garden city style; they form clusters rather than villages, their location being regulated by the staff locally needed. For instance, one carpenter and one bricklayer are needed for every 5,000 acres, and houses must be available accordingly. Whatever anybody might have to say about these houses as houses they are probably unique in one particular. The bricks

and tiles of which they are constructed are made on the estate, the windows, doors and all other wood fittings are fashioned in the carpenters' shops from timber grown on the spot. The dwellings of the populace are thus grown, quarried and built by themselves, being singularly independent of outside contributions. In death as in life this versatile establishment ministers to the needs of its inhabitants, for even coffins are included in its products.

On reaching what may be termed the factory department I found a large yard or series of yards formed by ranges of sheds, stores, workshops and mills, some six acres in all. In the main courtyard all the larger constructional and repair work is done, as for instance periodic renovation of wagons, agricultural machinery and so on. These are taken down in the open, while the parts requiring renewal or repair go to the adjoining shops, namely the carpenters' shop, which is also a wheelwrights' establishment, and the blacksmiths' shop whose accomplishments are curiously diverse. Painting, of necessity, is an important branch of work, but one would hardly expect it to extend to motor cars, yet the carriage varnishing shop here shown finds quite a lot of work to do in the course of a year. Its cost of construction was a mere £50, yet the quotation for painting a certain car was £12, while here a thoroughly sound and pleasing result was obtained for £5 4s. 6d. If a horse wants shoeing, the forge and men are ready to do the work. In the carpenters' shop the work going through is such as might anywhere be seen: parts of new buildings, renewals for old, gates, windows, doors, scullery outfit, the items embrace a fairly complete list of human needs. The staff at present employed is forty-nine, exclusive of the lime works, to which reference will later be made, and they comprise wheelwrights, carpenters, blacksmiths, painters, sawyers and the attendant labourers of each trade. About half are now working in the shops and the rest on outside repairs. All "clock" in and out according to approved factory lines.

In the conditions presented special arrangements have to be made to find regular work throughout the entire year. The industrial population lives on the estate, could not easily find work beyond its boundaries, hence the year's needs must as far as possible be spread—manufacture for stock in the winter, erection and repairs in the summer. By a little scheming even painters are protected from the bugbear of seasonal unemployment, all interior work for tenants and farm buildings being reserved for the winter, with greenhouses and work in the mansion as a further stand-by.

Of the saw-mills I could not readily achieve a satisfactory interior view, while as regards its exterior this is but one of the lines of shedding appearing in the general picture of the yard. That the stock of sawn boards is not plentiful arises from the overdue repairs which accumulated during the war, accentuated unfortunately by a fire in 1919. No sooner is a tree felled than it is dragged into a yard at the rear of the saw-mills, at which stage the forester delivers his produce to the foreman carpenter. They agree measurements and the office in due course records a sale and a purchase at market prices. Soon after the saw gets to work, following which the all too brief seasoning period begins.

On such an estate as this where they have several generations of experience in tree-growing, with an equally long record of durability under service conditions, importance attaches to the relative value accorded to the different sorts of timber used. Well grown oak is naturally esteemed at its full value and supplies judiciously allocated; ash likewise is reserved for its specialist uses. Elm serves a variety of purposes, but its well known defects have to be borne in mind. So the hardwoods might be listed and reviewed, but the soft varieties are more interesting to the forester. Corsican pine, which is so highly favoured by the Forestry Commission, is here roundly condemned, and they speak of it not on the theorist basis of recent planting but as possessors of mature trees which have been regularly felled for a number of years past. Its objectionable characteristic is its immense proportion of sapwood in comparison with the central core of hard substance. One log we examined measured



FROM FORESTER TO SAWYER.



THE TIMBER YARD



A WAGON UNDER REPAIR.



THE BLACKSMITHS' SHOP.



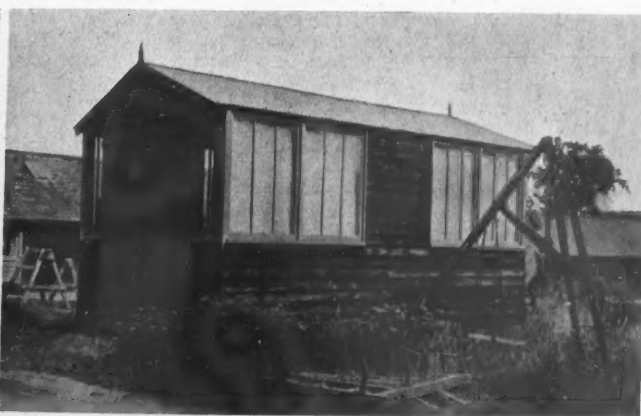
IN THE BRICK WORKS.



A BLOCK OF ESTATE COTTAGES.



THE NEW LIME WORKS.



THE VARNISHING HOUSE.

zoins. diameter with the bark included, being 19ins. net. Its diameter of heart wood was but 3ins., while the rings of growth proved its age to be forty-six years. The best of several examined had 6ins. of heart wood. Stuff which any competent clerk of the works would throw out if used for flooring seems hardly the timber to grow, hence for estate work it is limited to barn and other flooring such as is made 2ins. thick. If exposed to wet it is exceptionally prone to fungus. "Grow Scots pine everywhere and all the while" is the dictum of this estate.

Space hardly permits me to do more than mention the other activities I witnessed. The brickworks, for instance, were interesting but not inspiring from the point of view of description or photography. They are working a splendid bed of clay and can hardly deliver the goods fast enough to keep pace with orders, let alone to build up a stock. Tiles, bricks, land drains, flower pots and miscellaneous coarse earthenware form the regular output, artistry in this handicraft being occasionally indulged, as, for instance, in the production of Tudor chimneys of noble and diverse design. The pre-war stock is for sale, even unadorned efficiency being now hard to contrive at the price.

The man of commerce while praising the initiative and enterprise here displayed would naturally be sceptical as to the financially profitable result of such varied adventures. To his kind the answer must be that a professional accountant applies the usual tests and certifies the results. Further relating results to legitimate industry is the fact that outside orders of every description are invited and executed, farmers and adjoining landowners being the chief customers. As back numbers of our paper testify, the Earl of Leicester and his forebears are experts in land reclamation, sea defences and other tasks associated with a coastal district. The tradition is maintained to

the present day, an important contract being in course of execution for certain sea protection in the district, this in addition to the maintenance of culverts and other drains and sluices on the areas which have been reclaimed from the sea.

A somewhat outside venture in course of fructification is pictorially represented by the view of the new chalk works now under construction. As is well known much of our agricultural land is sour by reason of continued manuring uncorrected by the addition of lime. Chalk, while lacking the objections of burnt lime, is a worthy substitute for light lands, and the Leicester Lime Company, Limited, has been formed to exploit an excellent bed of chalk which is happily situated by the mill-side. In lumps the raw material is slow to yield its virtue, hence the factory, which crushes, dries and sifts to an impalpable powder as fine as basic slag. Mr. Alfred E. Layton has been appointed sales manager and brings to his work a full battery of expert knowledge. The idea is to sell the product in a condition such that 15cwt. to the acre will have immediate effect and so recoup outlay from year to year. The material has a guaranteed carbonate of lime content of 95.9 per cent., hence justifies the large advance orders which have been booked. The price is 22s. per ton in bulk, and 27s. in bags. More will be heard of this venture in the future.

Though a review of this nature might reasonably contain tributes to the inspiration and sound common-sense of the proprietor, together with some eulogy of Mr. Tower, I am assuming that both of them prefer to be judged by results, and it is upon these that I have concentrated. To the last named I must, however, express my deep appreciation of his patient expositions, not unmingled with respectful admiration for his unfailing flow of data and statistics.

MAX BAKER.

PRAWNING

By GEORGE SOUTHCOTE.

FEW fathers, especially those bent upon sport, get full value out of the family's annual seaside holiday. Some, in these days of post-war penury, cannot afford to take a holiday at all. Some, of the richer sort, bored by babyhood's beach sports, take their holidays apart. To neither of these classes of father does this article apply, but to those who, by good luck or good management, are able to arrange their lives in just proportion of work, rest, and recreation; more especially to those of them to whom the intimacy of family life appeals, if it can be combined with good sport involving hard exercise. Prawnning, in suitable surroundings, solves the problem. I had no idea of its delights and its possibilities until this summer.

First let me prescribe the setting for the sport, the "suitable surroundings" to which I have referred. We must, of course, assume the existence of a beach, of hard flat sand, on which the whole family, down to the smallest, can find delights. The spot that I have in mind provides these in profusion. Rounders, beach cricket, spades and buckets, the design and digging of sand-castles, streamlets of sea water to be deflected and dammed, boats to sail therein; golf (a mashie is recommended), with special rules for lifting out of deep heel-marks made in the sand by women-kind who know no footgear better for the seashore than high-heeled shoes; bathing, both for swimmers and non-swimmers; donkeys and, perhaps, ponies to be hired; paddling *ad lib.*; shrimping to taste, and square-fronted nets for it, bound to a line of wire running along the front rim of the ring to save constant breaks from wear and tear; rock ridges jutting out of the sand, and pools therein containing sea weeds of all colours and forms, sea anemones, corals, limpets and sea snails (mussels can be dispensed with, they do not suit bare feet), small rock fishes, not the nasty little brutes with poisonous spikes on their heads to prick the unwary; perhaps blue-eyed baby prawnlets, not to be confused with the larger and wary game which provide the real and strenuous sport; sandhills of hot sand, to be rolled down gleefully; real country running right up to the sandhills; wild flowers to be picked there, and trees and hedge to afford shade, when wanted, for picnic meals. Cliffs, and caves therein for the adventurous. We can leave the family, happy on such a beach, but fathers demand some more absorbing sport to take their mind off little worries, and the daily meal of international hates and bickerings served up for their mental consumption by the Fourth Estate.

How should one be equipped for prawning? As simply and inconspicuously as possible, as for all sports. Leg-wear is the first consideration. To be inconspicuous, trousers are *de rigueur*, so by all means let us respect the conventions while on our way to the rocks; but let us wear under these garments the lower half of our bathing costumes, if they happen to be in two pieces. If made in the form of what a bachelor friend of mine (whose washerwoman sent him some lady's underclothing by mistake) called a "four-legged garment," let us wear the whole. To remove one's trousers on arriving at the rocks is then a simple matter. Sand shoes on the feet, and I recommend the wearing under them of very thick socks. These are essential as a buffer between the feet and sharp rock edges or limpets. As a protection for the back against the burning sun of a hot

August day there is no garment so good as one of those officer's uniform shirts of which the material is khaki-coloured on the outside and red on the inside. I am the fortunate possessor of two of them, but how or where to replace them when worn out I do not know. I wish that I did. With such a shirt a coat is superfluous. It has pockets for pipe, tobacco, matches, and for a packet of sandwiches and flask. This is all the equipment needed for a day's prawning in the rock pools, except the headgear (to taste) and the requirements of the actual sport.

These requirements are simple—a bag slung round the neck to contain the prawns, and a prawning-net which must fulfil certain conditions. It must be pear-shaped, with the point outwards and the broad end near the handle; otherwise one cannot explore the weed-covered crevices where most of the prawns are to be found. On no account must the net be lashed round the rim of the pear-shaped ring, as it is with an ordinary landing-net. If so fitted there will be constant trouble. The lashing will be cut by sharp rocks, limpets or mussels, and the time which should be spent in sport will have to be spent in repairs. The handle should be long, and of ash. Only with the help of such a handle can steep rock ledges be descended in safety by the middle-aged prawner, and deep pools and crevices conveniently explored.

I have the good fortune to know of a certain part of the coast where the strata of Devonian rock are tip-tilted, almost to the vertical. Sharp cruel-looking ridges of this rock jut out into the tide-way, and as the sea recedes it exposes cleft after cleft containing deep pools and "pots" with brown seaweed waving round their rims. Some of these pools have bottoms of broad flat pebbles. Some have fine sand, and some only the naked rock. Every pool has its own individuality, and some are things of beauty, fringed with purple, orange and green. Some are too deep to be plumbed, even with an 8ft. net-handle. The novice had better try them all until, by earning his experience, he can economise in effort. When he can do that he will catch many prawns; until he can do it he will labour abundantly, climbing and scrambling, and will, perchance, return, knees and ankles bleeding, with a very light bag as his reward, coupled with memories of fine rock scenery, of the constant changes wrought therein by receding and advancing tide, and, above all, of a day spent in bracing air which ensures him a keen appetite and a good night's rest.

The time to be on the spot is at about half ebb-tide. You can then follow up the sea as it recedes, and precede it as it returns. The best sport may be expected on the falling tide. The best days come once a fortnight, with the new and full moons. The tide recedes farther then, exposing more of the prawn-frequented pools.

What of the weather? Local experts say that they can judge by it not only a good prawning day, but the sort of pools in which the quarry is likely to be found. Prawners that I have met are not jealous, as followers of some sports are; they are willing to give freely of their experience. The best advice to give a salmon or a trout fisher in search of good sport is to tell him to stick to it in all weathers, and I cannot but believe that the same applies to prawning; but for one hint about it I am grateful. I have proved it to be sound. Do not bother

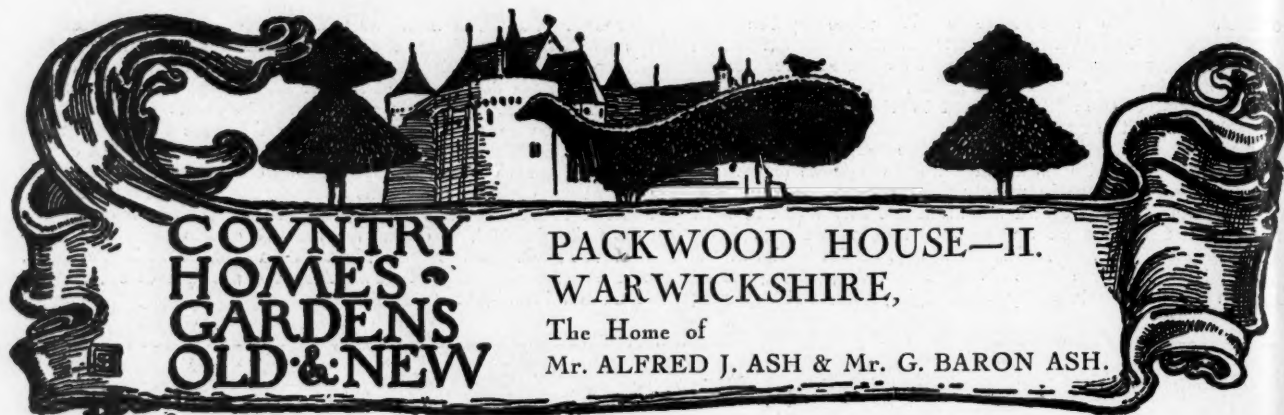
too much about pools of which the surface is ruffled by the wind, however likely they may look in other respects. How a prawn, artful as he is, can tell which pools will be ruffled after the sea leaves them is beyond my comprehension, but I have found that it pays to stick to the still pools and to the calm spots at the sheltered ends of the ruffled ones.

I began my attempts by driving the net violently through pool after pool, covering as much water as possible (somewhat in the style of the tyro in wet-fly fishing for trout, and with similar results—plenty of hard work and not very much to show for it). Then I watched an expert. He took things fairly easily and used his brains, with knowledge of the habits of the prawn to help him. He chose his pools carefully, paying special attention to those bordered by overhanging rock, and exploring

thoroughly the water under all overhanging shelves. Wherever the seaweed grew along the edges, especially the brown sort with pods in it, he did not drive the net through it horizontally (as I had been doing). He brought his net up slowly through the bank of weed, jerking occasionally to shake the prawns off, and then he gave it a firm upward lift. He was richly rewarded. He told me that the large prawns get under the weeds and hold on to them, thereby often eluding the novice. I recalled my own experience, as a dry-fly fisher for trout, of the habit of educated fish of holding on to weeds with their mouths, after being hooked, to defeat the angler's efforts to land them. Both the trout and the prawn, in such matters, afford interesting problems for naturalists investigating the problem of evolution of animal intelligence.



"ROCK RIDGES JUTTING OUT OF THE SAND."



THE artificial, natural and mystical consideration of gardens during the middle part of the seventeenth century was not confined to that of Cyrus and the ancients, nor restricted to the quincuncial speculations of Sir Thomas Browne. Gardens have ever been allied, by the Christian religion, with the creation of our race, with the conditions of our terrestrial existence and with the very conception of the Deity. Yet, save in that period during which Puritanism animated religion, the mystical significance of gardens did not appreciably influence their design.

The yew garden at Packwood remains a lonely sample of this brief phase, singular in conservation. Many occasions may be

found where yews are clipped into excrescences dignified by the appellation of saints and apostles. They are so at Cleeve Prior in this county; but I find no record of any other garden, whether of this age or antiquity, indigenous or extraneous, that was so ordered as to present to our observation a scriptural episode.

"The Mount" was a necessary component of all gardens from early times, when the purpose of their arrangement was rather to give a harmonious general impression than to gratify the botanist. But to none but John Fetherston during the Commonwealth and the first decade of Charles II did the conceit occur to extend the significance of the Mount by ordaining his garden to represent the Sermon on the Mount.

Yet such is the evident design of the further part of these remarkable gardens. Last to be reached by the visitor, let it be so reserved for our later consideration.

Last week the general layout of the grounds at Packwood was outlined. The first court, consisting of lawns, some mown and others left to hay, is bounded by low brick walls, and through it passes the lane by which the place is attained. From this outer green court or close you passed between piers surmounted by ball finials into the court before the porch, bounded to the north by office buildings and on the south by the wall of the flower garden. At the north-east angle of this flower garden stands a gazebo (Fig. 6) with a pointed roof, commanding an open prospect of the gardens to the south and west, and a privy view of visitors to the front door. Beneath the small apartment of the gazebo, which is raised some distance above the ground, is an old furnace chamber, whence flues pass in the thickness of the wall for some twenty yards along the wall separating the front court and this flower garden. This makes the wall, on its northern face, to have a section like that of a wine bottle, thin at the top, then thickening out. The purpose was very plainly for the better growing of fruit on the southern face of the wall, and possibly also on the north side, for such fruits that required warmth rather than the direct rays of the sun. This contrivance does not seem to have been part of the original design, for the bricks are larger and date more probably from the earlier eighteenth century, when the method was employed for raising fruits subsequently put under glass.





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2.—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CAROLEAN TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The stone vases were discovered beneath the ivy that used to cover the brickwork



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3.—THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE SAME TERRACE.

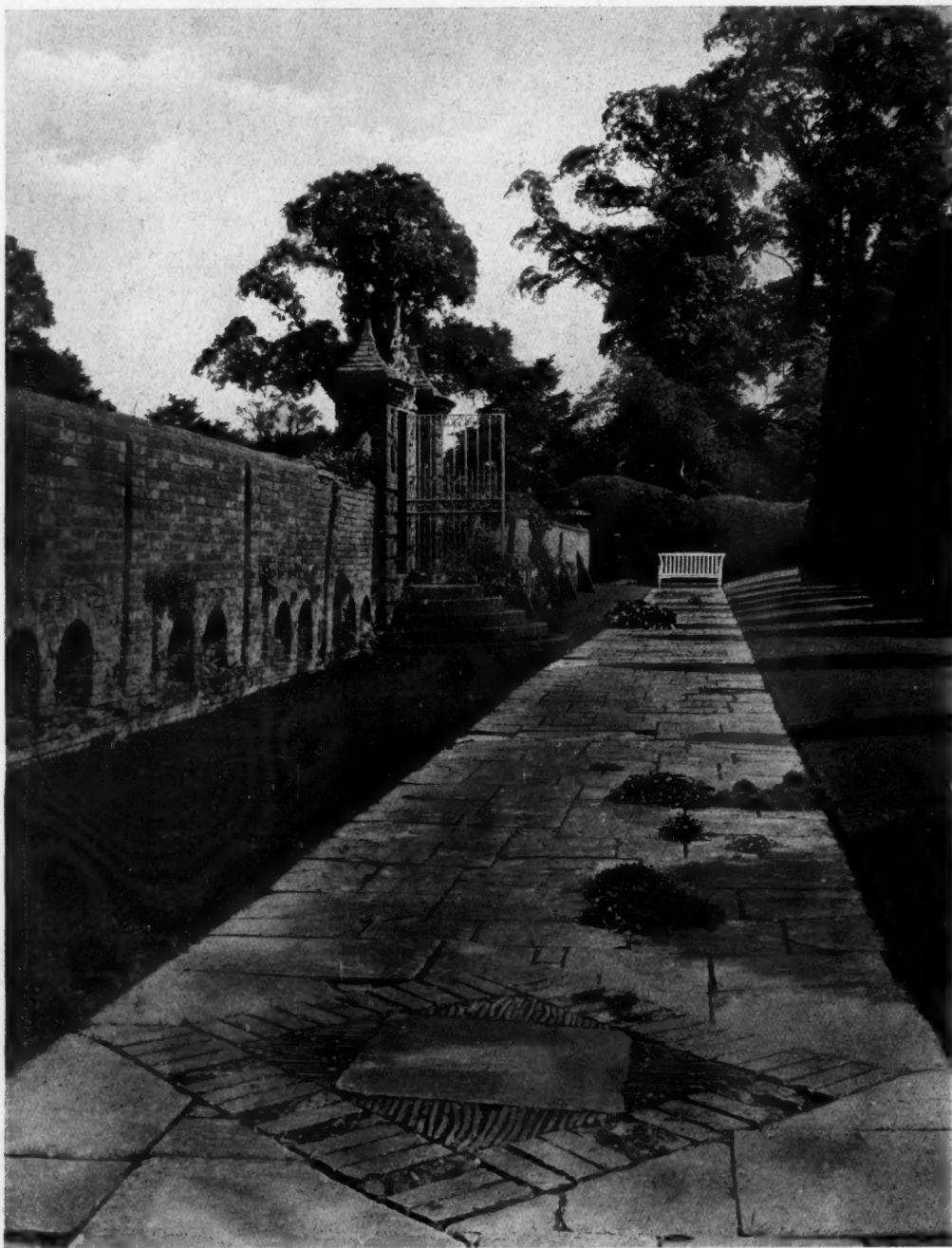
"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the recesses designed for beehives in the mid-seventeenth century.

The flower garden has two gazebos—this in the north-east corner and a later one in the south-west corner. An old plan, and the drawing reproduced last week, of about 1750, show a third, similar to this one, at the north-west angle and connected with the house by a wall. In the wall are a number of small niches like *piscinæ*, their tops formed in a point by two inclined bricks. One of them can yet be seen in the section of wall that remains, for the gazebo and most of the wall were taken down and a corner of this garden cut off when, at the end of the eighteenth century, it was required to make a circular sweep up to an entrance contrived on the west side of the house. One would suggest the niches were for the reception of small

house is of flint pebbles, and in the centre of it stands a square stone slab supported on a stone pillar with a large recess in it where a bottle can be stood. The story is that the squire sat here to interview his tenants and, on appropriate occasions, reached his hand down into this recess. Wainscot seats run round two sides of the interior. Whether there was a fourth gazebo is uncertain. The brickwork of the south-east corner gives no suggestion of one, and the drawing of 1750 shows this side of the garden thickly planted with shrubs.

The west side of the house was turned into the main entrance when the place was Gothicised, apparently at the end of the eighteenth century. The north-west gazebo was then removed



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4.—TO THE SOUTH OF THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

An excellent example of garden paving—neither too regular nor grotesque. The brick and tile patch gives variety.

pots containing rare bulbs or seedlings, out of reach of rats, and in full sun.

The south-west gazebo (Fig. 3) is apparently of the early eighteenth century and terminates the raised terrace walk that divides flower and yew gardens. Unlike the other, it has a flat roof, with mouldings like those on the Fetherston chapel, built by Thomas Fetherston in 1704. An old account of the gardens refers to this as "a smoking room." It is attained from the terrace and by steps from the north, and a curious point about it is that the wall to the right of the terrace door is merely a screen, since a kind of *stoep* is left between the north wall and the steps down, presumably to afford a shady seat on summer mornings, yet not under cover. The floor of the

and whatever occupied that part of the grounds was swept away. At present a very handsome pillar sundial stands in front of the west front, dated 1667, having the three ostrich feathers of Fetherston worked into the brass gnomon. It is the fourth dial set up by John Fetherston, but it may not be in its original position. A very interesting relic in this part of the garden is the remains of an outdoor bath. A rectangular pool, some 4ft. deep and 6ft. square, has steps descending into it on the side nearest the house, while on the opposite side is an erection like a small altar, from which a boar's mask supplies water. All round the pool numerous and puzzling foundations have been found, which are probably remains of a high wall and dressing-room round the pool; for at present it is in full view from

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5.—THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE GAZEBO LOOKING OVER THE FORECOURT, WITH A FURNACE ROOM BELOW.

"C.L."

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7.—A GENERAL VIEW OVER THE FLOWER AND THE YEW GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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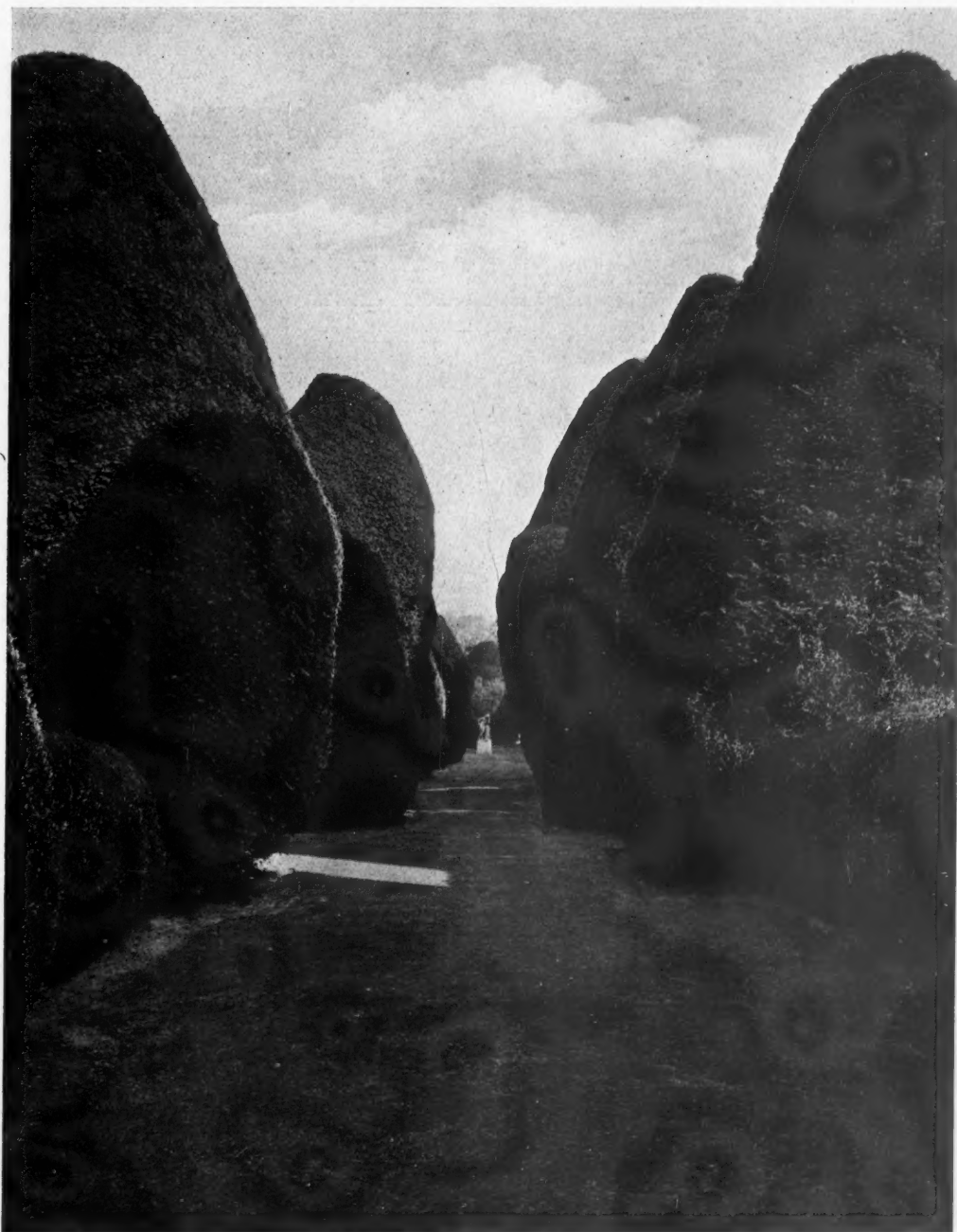
8.—THE GROTESQUE FORMS OF THE YEWES FROM THE ROSE GARDEN

"COUNTRY LIFE."

every quarter. Both masonry and pool were in a very bad way when found by Mr. Ash, who has been guided by old descriptions and photographs in restoring this extremely interesting survival, the form of which is practically identical to a bathing pool in an illuminated French MS. of the fifteenth century in the British Museum, even down to a boar's head spouting water. Whether there was any particular connection between boars and fountains I cannot find. In the background of the illumination is a stone table set with wine and cups. That may have been the purpose of a curious stone object now in the flower garden (Fig. 2), where a stone slab rests on a plinth, with another squared stone rising from the middle of it.

terrace has been made into an August garden, with Mercury's statue in the centre, the beds backed by low hedges of yew (Fig. 8). The riot of soft bright colour against the weathered red and brown brick of the terrace and deep green of the yews beyond is a pleasure quite unforgettable.

The terrace wall (Fig. 4) has had to be repointed, but it remains essentially as it used to be, with the elliptical flight of brick steps in the centre and flanked by low piers of rusticated brick surmounted by stone vases. These latter were discovered twenty-two years ago by Mr. Latham when photographing the gardens for COUNTRY LIFE. The piers, together with the whole of the terrace wall, were then covered with ivy; but he, thrusting



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9.—THE APOSTLES' WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

These four great yews in the centre are said to represent the four evangelists.

The flower garden, as we have called the court lying south of the house, preserves the original lay-out (as given by the 1750 drawing) in its main lines, though the perfection of herbaceous plants has brought it a loveliness that was undreamt of before, when a parcel of clipped yews (of which a few remain) seem to have been its sole ornament. The whole of this garden is, in fact, a glory of herbaceous borders, at the time of my visit, late in June, predominantly blue—lupins, delphinium and anchusa forming the body. These borders run either side the main path from the house to the terrace, and along the lateral path before the windows of this south front. There is also a higher border against the north wall by the gazebo (Fig. 6). The eastern section of the garden from north-east gazebo to

in his arm, could feel the vases beneath three feet of growth. We reproduce a few of the photographs then taken, to show not only the beneficial results of the removal of the ivy, but the improvements which have since been effected. Perhaps this raised walk, with the borders and the house on one side and the yew garden or quincunx on the other, is the pleasantest of all the walks at Packwood. In the centre of it are two piers and a fine early eighteenth century gate—the Fetherston crest at the top restored after old views. Through it, and down another semicircular flight of steps, access is gained to the remarkable garden already mentioned.

Before considering what Sir Thomas Browne would have thought of its decussation, or lay-out, the south side of the terrace



10.—"THE MULTITUDE": YEWS IN PROCESSION TO THE MOUNT.



11.—THE MOUNT, ASCENDED BY A SPIRAL WAY.



12.—A QUINCUNX THAT WOULD DELIGHT SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

wall merits attention. Near the ground level, and till recently hidden by masses of weeds, earth and ivy, is a range of recesses, designed for the accommodation of bee hives. The apiary, however, was not found to prosper, by reason of the mice and other vermin destroying the labours of the bees. The paved path is, of course, modern, and a very good piece of work. Here is no "crazy" effect that would have been insulting indeed amid so much ordered and considered dignity. The roundels of tile redeem the walk from too near a reminiscence of a city pavement, though I could wish them away. The south side of the west gate pier bears a recessed Maltese cross in the brickwork, and the 1750 drawing shows a similar symbol on the other pier. The latter, however, was so damaged by ivy that it had to be rebuilt and the sign was not repeated.

The unexpected appearance of the sacred symbol gives countenance to the contention of the semi-mystical idea of this garden. The main part of it is laid out in four rhomboids, or in two intersecting paths all bordered by conical yew trees of various girth, height and contour. This is said to be "The Multitude" attending the Sermon on the Mount. At the farther end is a raised walk, attained by a short flight of steps flanked by a pair of lead figures (Fig. 1). This transverse walk is bordered by twelve greater yews, dubbed "The Apostles," and culminating at the centre in four very great trees, called "The Evangelists." Looming above and between the latter may be seen the conical peak of "The Master," crowning the Mount, and alternatively known as the "Pinnacle of the Temple." The best view of the Mount is from the back (Fig. 11), where the hedges enclosing a spiral walk are plainly visible. The walk terminates in a small circular arbour fitted with a seat round the stem of the tree at the apex.

During last century hedges of Portuguese laurels were planted to a height of three or four feet, connecting up the Multitude yews—which wholly robbed the field of its effect, besides causing great damage to many of the trees. The dead patches have only recently filled up.

A number of questions immediately enter the mind on viewing this peculiar sight—especially as seen in Fig. 10. When was this arrangement laid out? Had it always this semi-mystic meaning? Were the trees intended to be so high? Was the intervening space ever cultivated? Has the shape of the trees any reference to any ancient cult, and, if so, is not this the very metropolitan see of that cult?

Last week we gave reasons for supposing that the gardens were laid out by John Fetherston between 1650 and his death in 1670. This period corresponded to a gap in the fashions of garden design and, during the earlier decade, to a period of certain religious intensity. In design the period came between the Dutch plans advocated by Bacon and the earlier herbalists—wherein pleached walks, mounts, raised causeys and other more grotesque ornaments were the prominent features—and the imported fashions of Le Notre, and, later, the formal pleasaunces of Loo, favoured respectively by Charles II and William III. During the Civil Wars

and Commonwealth England was very largely isolated from the current of European ideas and had to draw upon traditional or other internal sources for such new *motifs* as were needed in decoration or design. The subject uppermost in men's minds then was religion and the Scriptures, which we have already remarked to have had a close connection with gardens. Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general, has a suggestive passage in his "Divine Meditations" showing how close this connection could, on occasion, be:

He that *walkes with God* can never want a *good walke*, and *good company*. There is *no garden well contrived*, but that which hath an *Enoch's walk* in it.

How *cleanly* are these *Allies* kept? and how *orderly* are the *Hedges* cut, and the *Trees* pruned and nailed, and not an irregular *Twig* left? God is careful to preserve the *Garden of his Church* in all *decency* and *order*.

Enoch, it will be remembered, walked with God 300 years.

Fuller, Milton, Herbert and, above all, Browne imported a mystical element into their writings on gardens. We know how, during last century, architecture had broken loose from its own standard of criticism and was judged solemnly by ethical, historical and all kinds of strange standards. During this part of the seventeenth century all things tended to be referred to the Scriptures, among them the legitimate delights and the design of gardens. Fetherston, with a mount in his garden, could scarcely do otherwise than make it a holy mount, by planting the surroundings as a conceit alluding to the Sermon.

Browne's "Garden of Cyrus, or The Quincuncial Lozenge or Net-work Plantations of the Ancients" has for long perplexed gardeners who sought to elicit any meaning. This garden would inevitably have caused the learned knight intense pleasure. For here, very nearly, is an exact reproduction of those plantations described by Xenophon at Sardis, where "the rows and orders were so handsomely disposed; or five trees so set together, that a regular angularity and thorough prospect was left on every side," whereof "the Emphatical decussation or fundamental figure" was an X. Though he scornfully repudiated the charge, Browne was an ultra-Pythagorean; that is, he had a firm conviction of the mystical, if not divine, significance of certain geometrical figures and their profound relation to the universe, just as innumerable mathematicians, cabalists and astrologers held certain symbols and numbers to be of inexplicable potency. As was pointed out in an admirable leading article of a recent *Times* Literary Supplement, only at a very recent date have mathematics been wholly deprived of their mystic significance: a significance that long clings to matters incomprehensible not only to the laity, but often to experts themselves. Sir Thomas Browne was fascinated by the constant recurrence of the symbol or figure X, or its component V, first and foremost in the gardens described by Xenophon, which

seem only to have been plantations of trees on a lattice plan, like our hop gardens in Kent, but also in such things as the relation of certain constellations, the lattice of windows, the lobes on pineapples, the strapping of Roman beds and the cinque-point of dice. Sir Thomas justly observed, and if he had seen this garden would doubtless have quoted it as an example:

Now if for this Order we affect coniferous and tapering trees, particularly the Cypress, which grows in a Conical figure, we have found a tree not only of great Ornament, but in its essentials of affinity to this Order.

For, though there are open spaces between the rows, "this elegant ordination of Vegetables" has diagonal as well as rectangular vistas.

Some such consideration as this may have been in John Fetherston's head as he lay out his garden on the soundest principles he knew.

Whether the spaces contained by the rows were ever anything but plain grass can only be hazarded. Probably, when the trees were smaller—just little pyramids, as they must at one time have been—the spaces very likely were laid out either in parterres or as orchards. At that stage the trees are not likely to have been of this shape, so any allusions that they may prompt may, in common with most other such suggestions, be quashed as fortuitous.

Perhaps the most remarkable point about this garden is not its solemnity, when at evening these grotesque dark figures appear like mutes or mourners proceeding by occult bounds to some ghastly interment—as I remember to have seen cypress trees planted along hillside roads to Italian cemeteries—nor yet the curious criss-cross of the shadows, but its preservation for so long a time. When Thomas Fetherston, son of the planter, died in 1714, a great-nephew succeeded, last of the direct line; after whose decease followed Leighs, who added the name of Fetherston; until in 1769 an old Mrs. Fetherston Leigh left the place to one Charles Dilke, no relation, who also added the name. With the Fetherston Dilkes it remained until sold, in 1864, to a Mr. Elkington. He sold, in 1867, to Mr. Oakes Arton, and Mr. A. J. Ash purchased the property in 1905. Since then both house and garden have received attention exceeding anything since old John Fetherston's time, for both Mr. Ash and his son, Mr. G. Baron Ash, who has collected every document and reference relating to the house that is available, have the keenest affection for and interest in the place; with the result that, beginning as certainly the most curious, it now possesses what is in many ways the most beautiful garden in Warwickshire, and that not only through its association with Order—"in which all things began, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order and mystical Mathematics of the City of Heaven."

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

GIBBET HILL

THERE is seldom, I think, so little to be said for civilisation as at the end of a midsummer week in London. The dust, the odours and the heat of the city are rendered the more odious by the recollection that somewhere a blue sky is reflected in a transparent sea and that somewhere the trees are throwing deep shadows on the rank grass. So that it was with something of the same feeling as makes a man at the end of a hot day think nothing more desirable than a plunge into cold water, that, having an invitation to spend the week-end in Wiltshire, I took the train to Newbury in order that I might walk to my destination in the silence of a moonlit night. The sun had already set when I left Highclere behind me and took a small lane which brought me out on to the brow of the downs. There is a Roman track which runs along the summit, sometimes across open grasslands, sometimes through woods alive with game and rabbits, and sometimes it is almost overgrown with thistles, brambles and nettles. But it is generally unmistakable enough to be traced even by moonlight, and the hills fall away so sharply to the north that there is little chance of losing the way for long. I do not think one could ask for a finer walk in England than this; soft turf beneath the feet; a breeze that never seems to fail; and there, just below, the broad valley of the Kennet with Savernake to the north-west—a dark mass beneath the sunset. It is, perhaps, too, some little satisfaction to pass on a single evening's walk through three counties, for at Highclere one is in Hampshire, soon one is back in Berkshire, only to pass shortly after into Wiltshire.

It was eleven o'clock as I mounted Gibbet Hill. I have been to Gibbet Hill many a time—in midwinter, when nowhere seems

so bleak; on summer days, when the climb from Combe is intolerably hot—but by moonlight it had a beauty that was entirely new and which I had not dared to expect.

The sinister origin of this gibbet and the reason for its lofty site are given by the late W. H. Hudson in an account of one of his rural rides, and he tells us that the old gibbet has twice been replaced by a fresh one because the villagers of Combe set some store on it as a token of their parish boundary. I suppose he had the story from the worthy parson of Combe, by whom he was so hospitably entertained. The parson seems, in the fifty years he was at the village, to have been the true father of his flock, and in his day to have pleaded the cause of the labourer so fearlessly in the pulpit that the farmer churchwardens locked him out of his own church. The lot of the labourer in these parts must indeed have been hard in the latter half of the last century. Once, some years ago, I found myself at Combe, late on a summer evening, looking for somewhere to spend the night. I was received by a little woman at a cottage no less hospitably than was Hudson by the parson. The woman's husband, who came in later, was a fine type of the old labourer, a sort of hale and hearty patriarch, with an accent so West Country that he was hard to understand at all, and his wife was at pains to interpret his speech. But I can well remember his account of their early days, when he had brought up a family on ten shillings a week, and the year round, except when the pig they had fattened was killed, they never had meat at any meal. He told it all without bitterness, yet it had left its mark upon them. Combe worked a strong spell on Hudson, "that small isolated village in its green basin—a human heart

in a chalk hill," he called it, and it is indeed the quietest and most secluded village in the south that I ever knew. The old Georgian manor house, with a top storey of false windows, was for long in my imagination, because for many years it stood empty, the "haunted house of Combe"; but it is now no longer derelict, and seemed fully inhabited when last I went by.

It is the reminiscence of Hudson that has carried me away from the downs and Gibbet Hill. On this particular night my way was not to Combe. The Gibbet Hill itself is so even and round that, approaching it from the east, one might be walking on a shrunken world, and as if to match the sky, the turf is lit by the lamps of a hundred glow-worms. At the very summit, leaning to one side like a solitary tree in a gale, is the little unpretending gibbet. To the south lie the great curling downs and the long valley that leads to Hurstbourne Tarrant, the Uphusband of William Cobbett. Every familiar wood and copse could be distinguished, while the wind blew strong and fresh, bearing with it a dozen different scents, fresh-cut hay or some wild flower, the resin of pine trees or ripening corn. To the north and west stretched a great streak of crimson, shading rapidly into pale yellow, green, blue and dark grey. Not till after midnight did the last traces of the sunset disappear. Had I had with me a blanket, I would willingly, have spent the night on Gibbet Hill, watched the moon go down, the dawn appear and the stars fade away. For this hill has long been to me the very crown of a little tract of country which I hold as second to none in England. I doubt if one can determine the reasons why a certain

place makes so strong an appeal. For some the South Downs have no rival, to others the Cotswolds are dearest. For me it is always this heart of England where three counties meet.

It is not uncommon, I believe, among lovers of painting, and of one school of painting in particular, that while in conversation with others they will admit freely and with sincerity the pre-eminence of this or that great master, yet they will still reserve in their own hearts a special place for a certain less known artist, for whom they would have difficulty in explaining their preference, yet for whom they feel an altogether overpowering sympathy. Similarly, many of us entertain for a certain part of the country a feeling at once so deep and so extravagant that we almost come to avoid mentioning it to our acquaintances when the praises of other counties are being sung, perhaps because any phrase which we can coin seems quite inadequate to express our sentiment. I imagine that the ideal of beauty can never be described in words or even brought within the limits of intelligible thought (so that such a past master of expression as Proust can barely bring us to follow him to the regions of ecstasy into which "the little phrase" of the sonata used to lead him), and the consciousness of beauty, which some attain in music or in poetry, comes to others more profoundly in the midst of certain scenes of nature than by any other medium. It is not, therefore, surprising that, just as one man will return to his favourite sonata and another to his favourite poet, so we who live in cities should go back always to the scene where our own ideal has been most fully realised. N. L. C.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MASTERPIECE

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

The Works of Sir John Soane, by Arthur T. Bolton, F.S.A. (London, 1924.)

THE work of pulling down and rebuilding the Bank of England is, we are told, very shortly to begin, and this renders Mr. Arthur Bolton's monograph on *The Works of Sir John Soane* most timely and appropriate, for the Bank was his greatest work, and the forty pages of text and illustrations that Mr. Bolton gives to it are by no means too much to devote to a just appreciation of this fine

creation, which rightly ought to have been scheduled as a national monument and not doomed to destruction.

Son of a small builder, Soane came to London, as a boy of fifteen, in 1768 and learned architecture in the offices of George Dance and Henry Holland. Winning the 1776 gold medal of the Academy, he went to Italy in 1778 and returned home in 1780 believing that the Hervey who was Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol was going to employ him in extensive architectural schemes at both his Irish and English country



1.—LOTHBURY COURT, BANK OF ENGLAND AND ENTRANCE TO BULLION COURT

houses. Disappointed in this, Soane nevertheless soon built up a good practice and was appointed architect to the Bank of England in 1788, in succession to Sir Robert Taylor. The latter had largely added to the Bank buildings as erected by his predecessor, George Sampson, but business was rapidly increasing at the Bank, and during the forty-five years that Soane held the position of its architect it was entirely remodelled and enormously enlarged on an extended site, which covers three acres of ground. In summing up the leading characteristics of this big and intricate group of buildings, Mr. Bolton calls attention to:

the extraordinary interest that Sir John Soane has imparted to every portion of it which passed through his hands. Even the tiny Waiting Rooms, the Lobbies and Corridors, are throughout given a special character of their own. It is difficult to parallel in buildings, ancient or modern, an instance of this nature, and where the variety of the interiors, not so very different, after all, in their intended use, which the architect has contrived to assemble together in a single building, is realised, the student may well be astounded at the ingenuity of design and audacity of construction so triumphantly displayed.

The work consisted of two main sections. There was, firstly, the gradual alteration and large reconstruction of the Sampson and Taylor buildings, occupying the southern half of the site, that is, the Threadneedle Street elevation, with returns down part of Prince's Street and Bartholomew Lane, and all buildings within that area, such as the Rotunda and the great offices off it to the east, and, to the west, the buildings round the Garden Court. In the second place, there was the erection of entirely new premises on the acquired land occupying the southern half of the area. Here Soane, unencumbered by the retention of much that already existed, had a freer hand in designing, so that the Lothbury Court and the Tivoli Corner stand out as pre-eminently Soanic in conception and execution. Of the former (Fig. 1), Mr. Bolton tells us that—

Of the nine internal Courts, all of which are of interest, the Lothbury is the most famous, and seems to have cost Soane the greatest labour. There is an approved design dated October 1797, the result of varied essays. The general idea is clearly based on Palladio's grand villa designs.

The accounts show that the vases and the statues of the four continents were modelled, made and set up by Coad of the "Ornamental Stone Manufactory," at a cost of £514 19s. 6d., in 1801, which will mark the date of the completion of this section, that is, of the eastern half of the Lothbury elevation. Until then Prince's Street, after going direct north for half its length, took a sharp bend to the east, and it was only by straightening this out that the Bank could obtain the area which had become needed, and the Lothbury elevation reach the extension it possessed by 1805, which is the date of the final model of the Tivoli Corner preserved in the Sir John Soane Museum. The fall of the ground permitted of an added height and a dignified standing on a massive plinth to the Lothbury elevation not possessed by the plinthless Threadneedle Street front, which is merely a re-adaptation of the, at first, retained Taylor building. Much as it is to be regretted that the strong call for additional space has determined the authorities of the Bank to a huge scheme of demolition and reconstruction, yet the complete clearing of the southern or Threadneedle Street half of the area might pass with a sigh only, on the part of all those interested in our great buildings and our architectural past, if the northern half were retained, including the Lothbury Court; the Prince's Street entrance (Fig. 2) and, of course, the one exterior feature best known and loved by all Londoners, the Tivoli Corner.

It is to be feared that a far more destructive scheme has been prepared by the architect in charge of the job, who, with South African training, has shown here, as at Winchester College, that he has no veneration or respect for the past, but a keen desire to subordinate everything to his new design. Rumour has it that his last and, it would seem, accepted proposals will leave nothing standing *in situ* of Sir John Soane's creation but the bare outer walls. Not one of the admirable and varied domed halls—the Rotunda, the Consols Transfer, the Four, the Three and the Three-and-a-half Per Cent. (Fig. 3). Offices are to remain standing. The Prince's Street vestibule, the loggia of the Governor's Court and even the



2.—VESTIBULE, PRINCE'S STREET LOGGIA.
Looking down the open loggia of the Governor's Court.

Lothbury Court are to be swept away, although, as a sort of grudging favour to civilised opinion, it is suggested that parts of the last mentioned may be saved for re-erection elsewhere: as if a building pulled to pieces and re-erected on a new site was the same thing as that building in untouched condition. All this, if true, is deplorable, almost heartrending, and shows that, much as we prate of our



3.—THE CENTRE AND SIDE SUPPORTING VAULTS.
Three-and-a-half Per Cent. Consols Office.

improved attitude towards the architecture of the past, we are sinking even deeper into the mire than Wyatt "the Destroyer" of late Georgian days, and than the "restoring" vandals of mid-Victorian times. They, indeed, disfigured,

but we raze to the ground. If our descendants ever reach true civilisation, will they not rank the action of the Bank authorities towards Soane's masterpiece with that of the Germans towards the cathedral of Rheims?

The GENTLE ART of WINE DRINKING

The Wines of France, by H. Warner Allen. (T. Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net.)

THE title of Mr. Allen's first chapter has been set at the head of this article because it is very aptly descriptive of his whole book, and also because it is that chapter which will appeal to the widest circle of readers, those who can claim to have some appreciation of good wine without making any profession of being connoisseurs. It may be said, perhaps, that to devote a book to the drinking of wine needs a brave man. Great wine is, in Mr. Allen's own words, "a work of art," and many people—especially when they are young and, therefore, as a rule, ignorant—are anxious to acquire a reputation for learning and taste in the matter. Yet, to talk over-much about it is to run the risk of being deemed, shall we say, a little greedy and also a little tedious. To hear two old gentlemen in a club solemnly discussing vintages is sometimes to feel a passing wave of disgust at human nature. Therefore, the man who talks about wine to the extent of a book should possess a sense of humour and a sense of proportion, which is often much the same thing. These senses Mr. Allen undoubtedly has. Though he writes with suitably impressive gusto of some never-to-be-forgotten evening, such as that of the "noble procession of wines" provided by a learned wine-lover, Mr. Berry, for a small company worthy of it, yet we feel that he retains always a pleasant, subconscious twinkle. He is not too ferocious to those degraded beings who are in a hurry to smoke, and even admits that "for some mysterious reason there is a friendly relation between the clean taste of a Sherry and the charm of the goddess Nicotine." He can, we dare almost swear to it, see some little humour in the circumstance that at the concluding banquet of the great French Wine Week of 1922 "the red wines were too cold and wine was actually poured from at least one corked bottle of Burgundy, to the unspeakable horror of the wine-grower, into whose glass it came." He can even write, almost with gaiety, of an event which he might be pardoned for regarding as unrelieved tragedy. When he was at Oxford, it appears, his wine merchant had left just one dozen of Lafite '64, and this he purchased at a price somewhat unbecoming an undergraduate purse. Some friends burst into his rooms in his absence; they were hot and thirsty and they wanted a drink. When Mr. Allen came in he found that "they had opened three bottles, and were drinking the perfection of Médoc from tumblers as though they were swilling swipes. 'Fairly decent red ink, this Claret of yours,' said one of those sacrilegious scoundrels, before the flood-gates of my emotions were opened."

Although Mr. Allen has such an agreeable saving grace of humour, he is not afraid to let himself go when the occasion demands it. A great claret is, in his opinion, "the highest perfection of all wines that have ever been made. It is delicate and harmonious beyond all others; the manifold sensations that it produces are of the most exquisite subtlety and their intensity is so perfectly balanced and their quality so admirably harmonised that there is no clash or predominance, but bouquet, aroma, velvet, body are all blended into an ideal whole." And of all the divine memories of divine claret that which seems to bring him nearest to happy tears is of a certain magnum of Château Lafite 1864 (Château bottled), which was "the true culminating point" of one of Mr. Berry's symposia. The way to it was paved by a Lafite '58. "The harmony of the '58 Lafite, as gentle as the faded tinkle of Galuppi's clavichord, called up a world of pleasant melancholy, peopled with graceful shadows of the past, creating a perfect atmosphere for the great wine that was to follow. For the '64 Lafite also belonged to an ideal world; but with it the company left the shadow for the substance, the reflection for the reality, perceiving the highest artistry of Médoc no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face. All that the '58 had hinted at and subtly suggested the '64 most delicately expressed." Even if we cannot quite live up to this sort of thing, we may yet perceive the author's artistry through a glass darkly.

Mr. Allen has spent much time visiting the vineyards of France, and makes us feel something at least of their romance and colour and beauty. "One evening," he says, "I walked from Château Mouton d'Armailhacq, past Mouton Rothschild, that second growth, rival of the Great Four, in the direction of Château Lafite. The vineyards where the grapes had already

been gathered lay green and lonely in the autumn sun. There was peace over the whole landscape, and it seemed as if the little village, which looked down into the vine-clad hollows, and the grey towers and walls of Château Lafite itself, with its high terrace and surrounding trees, were sunk in enchanted slumber." Equally engaging is his picture of Burgundy and the hills which are "in the sun a blaze of gold with the turning vine leaves." The chalky country of Champagne he finds less attractive and this wine clearly lies less near his heart than those of Bordeaux and Burgundy. Nevertheless, he has a just appreciation of it and particularly grateful memories of two bottles of still champagne which helped him to sit up the whole of one night in a bombarded town and write by the light of two candles his description of a battle for his newspaper. On the subject of all French wine he has much interesting information to give as to the manner of its making. Indeed, he blends instruction with amusement with as much skill as is needed to mingle the wine of Avize "of surpassing delicacy" with the "wines of the Mountain which provide body and generosity."

SMALL HOUSES.

Small Family Houses, by R. Randal Phillips. (COUNTRY LIFE, 10s. 6d.)

Small Houses for the Community, by C. H. James and F. R. Yerbury. (Crosby Lockwood, 31s. 6d.)

Regional Architecture of the West of England, by A. E. Richardson and C. Lovett Gill. (Benn, 24s. 6d.)

AMONG the numerous books on architecture that have lately appeared, these three may be grouped together as dealing with more or less the same subject from different points of view, namely, the provision of small houses at once pleasing to see, pleasing to live in and pleasing to pay for. Mr. Randal Phillips has collected three dozen houses, arranged in six groups according to their costs, which range from £1,000 to £3,000. The book, which is full of charming photographs, is essentially for the layman who contemplates, however remotely, the building of a house, and contains admirable advice on the choice of an architect, together with the names and addresses of the twenty-five architects whose work is dealt with. Especial attention is given to labour-saving devices and the ways in which rooms can be made to look their best. Mr. James and Mr. Yerbury deal with the kind of house included in "Schemes," from the great number of which, both at home and abroad, they have selected the very best. Besides admirable photographs and detailed drawings, there are included the actual architects' specifications and some valuable chapters on the technical aspects of housing schemes—economics, planning, grouping and materials. Thus the book is primarily intended for the expert. Both books stress the importance, æsthetic and economic, of carrying on the traditional style and materials of the neighbourhood, which forms the theme of Mr. Richardson and Mr. Gill's exhaustive commentary upon the local buildings of Devon and Cornwall, from 1700 till 1840. Thus, the same subject is dealt with by them from the historical direction, showing how the traditional forms and materials were influenced by Georgian and also by Dutch ideas, and finally by local architects such as Foulston, or engineers like John Rennie and Alexander. Foulston, working principally at Plymouth, emulated Nash in London, and Grainger in Newcastle. Not only did his charming stucco façades provide for the growing population, but his foresight drew the three towns into a comprehensive unity, and accentuated the civic centres of his great plan with dignified buildings. Rennie built the superb vicarual vicarual yard—the noblest piece of utilitarian architecture in England, and Alexander carried out Tyrwit's scheme at Princetown. The success of their results, however, is shown in all cases to have rested on a thorough grasp of local conditions. We hope that such books will be forthcoming, as the authors suggest, on the architecture of other regions of Britain.

Rome and Her Monuments, by Harold Stannard. (Fisher Unwin 15s.)

A GOOD many people simply "funk" going to Rome. There is so much to see, that inevitably one will miss the point of it all, and get hopelessly muddled. This must never again be recognised as an excuse for not having been to Rome, for Mr. Stannard's volume is exactly what those people have been wanting. In 370 pages he contrives to trace the history, life and mental attitude of Romans, as preserved in stone or literature, for the past 4,000 years. The author modestly dubs it "a work of reference for students and travellers anxious to appreciate the significance of the City, justly named Eternal." This very caption is not a bad example of Mr. Stannard's playful way, which makes the book not a reference book, but a considerable pleasure to read. After enlarging on the various views over Rome, a lively picture of life under the Empire and during the decline follows. A very comprehensive outline of history up to the end of the eighteenth century contains constantly suggestive references to the architecture and remains of the time. The latter part of the book deals in some detail with the mediæval importance of Rome—usually lost to sight between ancient and renaissance splendours—and concludes with an admirable survey of six typical churches—for which no visitor can be too grateful. We expect Mr. Stannard's book will become, as it deserves, the standard work of any who spend more than a week in the most baffling and adorable of cities.

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE WALPOLE SOCIETY, 1923-1924, Vol. 12. Designs by Inigo Jones for Masques and Plays at Court. Besides the catalogue of these drawings, mainly in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, but recently exhibited at South Kensington, there are a great number of excellent reproductions of Inigo's designs and a valuable essay by Messrs. Percy Simpson and C. F. Bell on masques and their setting generally.

THE SAXON SHORE, by Jessie Mothersole. (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.) A happy and scholarly examination of a little known period—the late Roman—taking the reader to the forts of the coast from Porchester to Burgh. Mrs. Mothersole is also an excellent water-colourist, and tells her tale with humour and insight.

WAVENEY, by B. Granville Baker. (Philip Allan, 6s.) Colonel Baker here turns his feet and pencil from the Near East to the sleepy romantic

borderlands of Norfolk and Suffolk, through which flows the Waveney to Beccles and Bungay—a district rich in fine buildings and survivals of the past.

UNKNOWN WARWICKSHIRE, by Mary Dormer Harris. (Bodley Head, 15s.) In the same series as "Unknown Kent" and "Unknown Sussex," and very charmingly illustrated.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE, by W. H. Hudson. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) A new edition of one of the best loved of its author's works.

NAPOLEON AND HIS COURT, by C. S. Forester. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

SMALL FAMILY HOUSES, by R. Randal Phillips. (COUNTRY LIFE, 10s. 6d.) See p. 260.

RULES FOR DRAWING THE SEVERAL PARTS OF ARCHITECTURE, by James Gibbs. (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.)

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR INDIA, BURMA AND CEYLON (John Murray, 24s.) The eleventh edition of this invaluable guide.

BON VOYAGE TO THE WALKER CUP TEAM

By BERNARD DARWIN.

WITHIN a very few days Mr. Tolley and his nine followers, with the admirable Mr. Gullen to look after them, will be setting sail to America in quest of the Walker Cup, and the time has come to bid them *bon voyage*. They take with them the best wishes if not, it must be admitted, quite the very highest hopes of British golfers. Mr. Harris, Mr. Holderness and Mr. Wethered are a loss—a serious loss—but we must not be too downhearted without them. We have a good, strong, keen, reasonably young side, well calculated to withstand the rigours of Prohibition or of a New York heat wave, and we may be quite certain that they will do their "darndest."

The Walker Cup is played for by teams of eight. Two years ago in America, as last year at St. Andrews, the foursomes were played on the first day, the singles on the second, and I imagine this procedure will be followed again. Our side consists of ten—eight players and two reserves. Who the eight will be rests, of course, with the captain, Mr. Tolley. He can, if he likes, play two men in the foursomes and not in the singles, so that all ten take part in the match. The Americans will, no doubt, choose ten who will similarly be at the disposal of their captain, Mr. Gardner. Our ten are as follows—I write their names down in no particular order: C. J. H. Tolley, Michael Scott, Robert Scott, jun., E. F. Storey, W. A. Murray, C. O. Hezlet, T. A. Torrance, D. H. Kyle, O. C. Bristowe and W. L. Hope. Who will constitute the American side I do not know, but I daresay I could make a reasonably good guess. The eight who played against us at the "National" two years ago were W. L. Fownes, R. A. Gardner, R. T. Jones, C. Evans, F. Ouimet, J. Guilford, J. Sweetser and Max Marston. Mr. Fownes, who was then captain, has retired, I think, from the International arena, full of years and honours; but it is difficult to see which of the other seven can be left out. Mr. Guilford, who, two years ago, was the holder of the Championship, has hardly been so prominent since, but a team that can do without so formidable a person must be tremendous indeed. And yet there are some very fine golfers clamouring for admittance. There is Mr. Von Elm, for instance, who twice played very finely against Havers and Ockenden; and Mr. Dexter Cummings of Yale, brother of the lady champion, Miss Edith Cummings, who has lately won the Inter-Collegiate Championship for the second year running. Then there is Mr. Knepper, who was one of the two reserves in 1922 and beat Mr. Tolley in the Championship. He is a fine golfer, but it may be that he has now become swallowed up in business and has less time for golf. I have not seen his name of late, and these young American golfers have a meteor-like quality and appear and disappear rather rapidly. There is a very big and increasing choice. There are, for instance, some very good golfers among those who take part in the Public Links Championship, though they have hardly yet had sufficient experience, perhaps. This competition, by the way, has just been won by Mr. Joe Coble, a young player of Italian descent, who is a waiter in a Philadelphia restaurant. I have left out our friends of last year, Mr. George Rotan, Mr. Fred Wright, Mr. Harrison Johnston and Mr. Davison Herron, because, though they were more than good enough for us at St. Andrews, I do not quite see how they can be squeezed into the first eight. This American side will take some getting into.

The match is to be played at Garden City, which, in point of age, at any rate, may be described as one of the classic courses of America. It is the home course of that great golfer, Mr. Walter Travis. It is not far from New York—eighteen or twenty miles. I should say—and very easy to get at by train, so that there will surely be an enormous crowd, and a crowd some of the members of which, as I imagine, will be perfervid patriots without any vast knowledge of golf. From the players' point of view it is not comparable as a battlefield to the National Golf Links at Southampton, where we played two years ago. That is a magnificent course—one of the two or three most delightful places for golf in the whole world—and a long way from New York, so that there is no possible fear of overcrowding. Doubtless, however, the American authorities deemed it well to be this time more democratic and give the "great heart of the people" a chance of being present. It would be impertinent to criticise: one can only just a little regret the necessity. I spent a wonderfully pleasant week at Garden City eleven

years ago (pleasant, that is, except for the mosquitoes which devoured my ankles) in watching the American Amateur Championship, which Mr. Jerome Travers won. I should describe Garden City, with due humility, as a good sound course, but certainly not a great one. One has, in estimating its qualities, to begin by clearing one's mind of the British notion that a course of "championship" class must be a seaside one. That is, of course, not so in America; but, after making due allowance for this fact, Garden City hardly seems ideal. The holes are thoroughly fair and good: they want accurate play: there is plenty of rough to catch any erring balls: the greens are well and closely "trapped" in the American manner, so that the player must have real control over the approach shot up to the hole. But it does seem to me that a certain bigness and thrill and splendour are lacking. Unless it has been much altered—and I believe this is not the case—it is not quite in the grand manner which is to-day to be found on many American courses.

One thing impressed itself on my mind when I was watching there in 1913. A great many of the players deliberately took iron clubs from many of the tees because accuracy was so important, and length—as they thought, at any rate—less important. I think they were wrong. They were playing into the hands of Mr. Travers, an exceptionally fine hitter with a driving iron. He used it from the tee because he dared not trust his wooden clubs. His competitors, by laying aside their drivers, gave up the one advantage that they could have gained over him, and tried to play him at his own game. Not all did so; and I particularly recollect that Mr. John Anderson, who won so fine a victory over Mr. Tolley at La Boulie the other day, clung, like a brave and sensible man, to his driver, and reached the final. The point of my story is this: that, with all its excellent qualities, there is something a little wanting in a course whereon good golfers can even contemplate driving with an iron club from the tee. I cannot think that it is the perfect spot for an International match.

Garden City possesses one thing, at any rate—a most dramatic and terrifying finish. If by any chance this Walker Cup match came to the point that the last two players were all even and the whole issue rested on them, then in truth I should be sorry for them. The last hole calls for no more than a mashie shot over a pretty lake, a little after the style of the tenth hole at Worplesdon; not in itself such a very alarming shot, but the bravest may suffer from hydrophobia at such a moment. Moreover, the water is not the worst thing: the green is beset by some very severe bunkers, especially a deep and deadly pit, if I remember rightly, at the left-hand corner. I forget how many shots I saw Mr. Travers take to get out of it, but I know it was so many that he only qualified for the Championship by the very skin of his teeth.

What exactly will be the movements of our team in America I do not know. It will depend, no doubt, to some extent, on their most kind and hospitable hosts. When we were there two years ago we made what, on looking back, it is easy to see was a tactical error. We spent some days, to begin with, in New York and played on various of the surrounding courses. It was unlucky that the weather was very, very hot, and the result was that neither the fitness nor the golf of the team benefited, although they had very good fun. Only when they got down to the airiness and quiet of the delightful "National" did they begin to be really alive. I believe that this year they are invited to go for a while to the National and take part in the invitation tournament there. There could not be better and pleasanter training, and, I imagine, therefore, that they will first go and familiarise themselves to some extent with Garden City, then go to the National, and come back to Garden City for a little final polish and practice before the match. There is another very kind and tempting invitation to Mr. Suffern Tailor's private course at Newport, the "Ocean Links." It is a really splendid nine-hole course, I believe, and there is played on it every year the competition for the "Gold Mashie," an invitation score-play tournament in which the very best American amateurs take part. It seems doubtful, however, if time and space will allow of our men playing in it, especially as they mean business and must not over-tire themselves beforehand. And so good-bye to them for the moment, and may they have the best of luck. The best of good times they are sure to have.

GEORGIAN PLATE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE SIR ERNEST CASSEL

By E. ALFRED JONES, M.A.



1.—SMALL BOWL, ONE OF A PAIR, 1701-2, WITH ARMS OF EAST INDIA COMPANY.
Height, 3ins.; circumference, 27ins.

THE richness of Sir Ernest Cassel's collection in the earlier periods has already formed the subject of articles in these pages. The character of this, the later, portion of it is somewhat different. The simplicity of the Georgian work attracted Sir Ernest, and also the fact of a piece having belonged to some remarkable person of the time. A pair of small bowls of 1701-2 (Fig. 2) are decorated with the "cut-card" work popular on plate of Charles II until the time of William III and found on isolated pieces as late as the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. This pair belonged to, and is engraved with the arms of, Philip Yorke, the celebrated Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of England. He was only eleven years old at the date of the bowls, and therefore they could not have been made expressly for him. As they are engraved with the coronet of a baron over the arms they were bought by him between 1722, when he was raised to the bench as Lord Chief Justice of England and created Baron Hardwicke, and the

year 1754, when he was advanced in the peerage as Viscount Royston and Earl of Hardwicke.

Another pair of rare and interesting little bowls with an unusual type of short projecting handle at each side, of the same date as the above "Hardwicke" pair, are illustrated; one showing

the interior, bearing the arms of the East India Company, and the other the exterior (Fig. 1). The fact that the arms of this powerful and wealthy Company, which had just celebrated its centenary, are engraved upon them suggests that they may have been a gift from the Company, just as the cup now about to be described was their gift to one Burke. This two-handled cup is embossed with vertical acanthus and palm leaves and with a band of laurels around the upper part of the body, while the finial is in the form of a

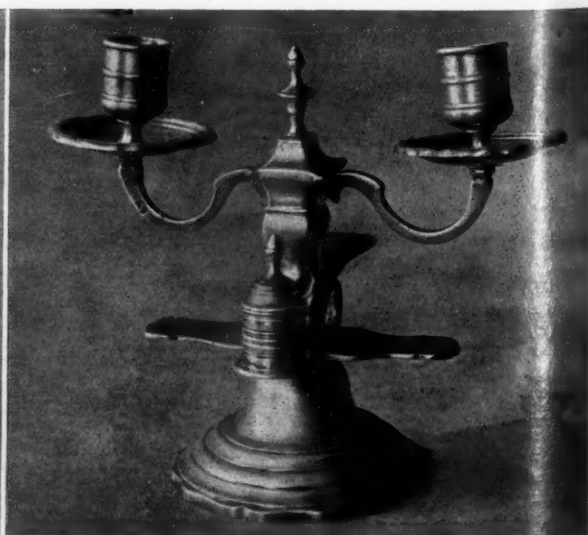


2.—ONE OF A PAIR OF BOWLS, 1701-2, OF THE FIRST EARL OF HARDWICKE.
Height, 3½ins.; circumference, 22ins.

fruit (Fig. 5). An inscription duly records its history: "The Gift of the East India Company with 100 guineas to William John Burke Master of the good Ship Schomburgh in token of his marked valour and seamanship in a time of great peril March



3.—FRENCH SILVER CANDELABRUM. EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
Height, 7ins.



4.—ONE OF A PAIR OF SMALL CANDELABRA.
First half eighteenth century. Height, 7ins.; width, 8ins.



5.—CUP GIVEN BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY IN 1716-17.
Height, 7½ins.; circumference, 15ins.

2nd 1712." Engraved on the cover is a representation of a ship, probably intended for the "good ship Schomburgh." Although inscribed with the date March 2nd, 1712, the cup was not made until 1716-17, the date of the London hall-mark. The "time of great peril" recorded in the inscription and the precise act of "marked valour and seamanship" of the recipient cannot be ascertained from the records of the East India Company or from contemporary sources. It was doubtless some gallant episode in the war of the Spanish Succession which terminated with the Peace of Utrecht in 1713.

The only example of old French plate illustrated in this article is a charming little candelabrum by an unknown goldsmith of the early eighteenth century. It is singularly reticent in decoration for this period. The shell and plain strap applied to the stem are characteristic features of Louis XIV ornamentation on plate and other objects (Fig. 3). Equally charming and certainly rare is the pair of small silver candelabra of the first half of the eighteenth century, fitted with two candle-sockets, an extinguisher in the form of a cap and a single handle. The only mark is that of the maker, PA, crowned, in a circular or oval punch (Fig. 4).

Paul Crespin was the son of Daniel Crespin, of the parish of St. Giles's, Westminster, as recorded in the roll of apprentices,



6.—LARGE JUG, 1759-60.
Height, 10½ins.; circumference, 24ins.

who is believed to have been one of the Huguenot refugees but whose craft is not known. The boy Paul was apprenticed to one John Pons, silversmith, of the same parish, on June 24th, 1713, for a consideration of £10 and apparently for a term of seven years. Upon the termination of his apprenticeship he started his career as a master goldsmith and registered his first mark at Goldsmith's Hall in 1720. Like most of the Anglo-French goldsmiths (as the Huguenot refugee craftsmen and their sons and connections may be conveniently called) he achieved a considerable measure of success and was patronised by many of the great people of England. He was an accomplished craftsman and his works rival those of that more popular idol in the eyes of collectors to-day, Paul de Lamerie. A striking example of his art as a silversmith in his later rococo manner is the large cup and cover of 1733-34 here shown (Fig. 7). Paul de Lamerie himself was not more skilled in fashioning plate in this style—a style which frequently degenerated into violent extravagance in the hands of this school of goldsmiths. In 1726-27 Paul Crespin made a plainer two-handled cup of similar form, decorated with Louis XIV straps, for the great service of plate bought in England by the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, part of which had survived the invasion of Russia by Napoleon and other storms, and



7.—CUP AND COVER, 1733-34, BY PAUL CRESPIN.
Height, 14ins.; circumference, 23½ins.



8.—CAKE BASKET OF EARL OF ASHBURNHAM, 1746-47.
Height to rim, 4½ins.; circumference of rim, 40ins.



9, 10 AND 11.—THREE CUPS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
1799. 1764-65. 1716-17.

when last seen by the present writer just before the Great War was in the Winter Palace at Petrograd.

The three plain cups of the years 1716, 1764 and 1799-1800 selected for illustration are in their simple plainness in striking contrast to the ornate cup of Paul Crespin, described above. The last was made in Dublin and is a late example

with the harp-shaped handles characteristic of Irish cups of the eighteenth century.

Smaller and more simple though these later examples of English craftsmanship may be, it cannot be denied that Sir Ernest bought them with, perhaps, a truer eye to beauty of line and workmanship than he did the earlier and more famous pieces.

BULBS THAT LOOK WELL IN THE ROCK GARDEN

ONE has to be cautious, as well as critical, in selecting the bulbs that are introduced into the alpine garden, for it is essential that they should "look right" and in consonance with the other plants and flowers that bear them company. Height—save in very exceptional circumstances—must be ruled out, but gay and beautiful colours and massed effects are pictorial points that no experienced gardener will overlook; indeed, these are the very crux and kernel of the whole matter.

And the rock garden certainly *does* afford quite exceptional opportunities in this direction. The array of "best" bulbs is by no means a restricted one, broad sloping pockets offer the "best" means of display and, too, it is easy to screen the decaying foliage when it reaches the unsightly stage, by a judicious planting of some herbaceous plant that will spring up just at the crucial moment and smother down the departed bulbs with a new interest instead of bare earth. Again, do not overlook the charming effects that are so readily achieved by interplanting dwarf bulbs amid some of the commoner mossy saxifragas, etc. One must not, of course, do this among really choice species, but in the case of the commoner kinds, no appreciable harm is wrought and it certainly does increase the beauty and keep the dainty bulb flowers from the risk of mud splashing which often works so much havoc during the heavy spring rains.

Another method of securing this double-flower effect that is worth noting, is to use some very dwarf hardy annual that has an "alpine" look, say *Leptosiphon androsaceus*. After the bulbs have flowered and the foliage has begun to shrivel, the surface is lightly pricked over with a hand fork, the seed scattered and left to nature's care. Many beautiful colour pictures will follow in late summer and autumn, a period when the rock garden is rather apt to need reinforcements to maintain the interest.

All this is by the way, however, so let us come to the more immediate work of selecting and planting the bulbs which we propose to use. In reference to planting, let this be done deeply enough, especially where other plants are to be sown or grown above them. Provided this is not carried to excess, it is good for the bulbs because they are protected from the parching heat of summer which is so injurious in its effect. Where harm does result is where the planting is so deeply done that a very large part of the stored-up energy is exhausted in reaching the surface.

Proceeding alphabetically, our first "find" is the aconite; of course, in its winter form. This is not choice and I prefer to use it at the approach of the rock garden, rather than in the pockets themselves. Here it provides delightful little carpets of vivid gold peeping through their emerald green cushions of leaves in early February. One may safely plant this right beneath deciduous trees, for it has no objection whatever to the drip from the branches and remains decorative for many weeks after the flowers have passed. Quite of a different calibre and worthy of a prominent spot is *Adonis amurensis* fl. pl., but be sure to get this double form and not the single, for it is in the handsome double blooms that the attraction lies. These flowers appear in succession during February and March and are enhanced by the

beautiful fern-like foliage with which they are surrounded. One quite forgets the relationship to the onion in *Allium karataviense*, a plant that is worthy of the most outstanding position. Reaching a height of half a foot, the foliage is very broad and bright glaucous green, spreading outwards close to the ground. From the centre of this tuft of leaves rises a large globular head of flowers, of a magnificent reddish-lilac that is most striking and lasts well.

One of my own great favourites for the rock garden, culled from the vast anemone family, is *fulgens*, the Pyrenean wind-flower. This is brilliant scarlet and very starry-looking and, when planted early and favoured by a mild season, is often in bloom by Christmas. One cannot too strongly emphasise the need for a protected position for planting the tubers of this, especially one that is secure from strong ground winds. One often hears that this plant is a great success the first year, but that it has a habit of deteriorating until it produces nothing but leaves. This is the result of not lifting the tubers after flowering and storing until re-planting time. The plant is absolutely hardy, but in all but the mildest places it should be lifted and re-planted annually. *Brodiaeas* are not popular with gardeners, but a fine early summer effect can be produced with the variety *grandiflora* if used in masses. A dozen bulbs are useless and one wants three or four times that number to make a really effective group. Used thus, the bright blue spikes are most attractive. Rather crocus-like, the vernal *Bulbocodium* is useful to naturalise in the less important places and appears particularly well in any rough grass on the approach to the rock garden proper.

Calochorti are gems, and representatives of the butterfly and globe and star sections should be included. The globe section are shade lovers, a point that should be remembered when choosing their site for planting. All others can scarcely have too much sun, but allied to this there must be perfect drainage. Planting should not be done before the end of October or early November and the pockets should then be covered with plenty of straw or cut bracken. I have never seen these superb flowers grow to better advantage than in the raised pockets of the rock garden, much of this success being due to the warmth of the soil and the efficient drainage provided by the sharp slope upon which they grow. The globe section especially appreciate plenty of leaf-mould. The *quamash*, *Camassia esculenta*, is edible, so far as the bulbs are concerned, and is one of the few tall bulbs that we are disposed to admit within an alpine garden. Culture is of the simplest nature and, once planted, the bulbs go on for many years without further attention. There is a number of varieties of this, all differing in colour and varying in height. *Blue Star* is 1½ ft. tall, with large starry bright blue flowers; *Mauve Queen*, 3 ft., lovely mauve; *Royal Purple*, 1½ ft., rich purple blue; *Silver Queen*, 3 ft., soft silvery blue.

Chionodoxas are lovely in large sheets and merit fairly thick planting, although they are also useful for interplanting with one of the mossy saxifragas. Crocuses, but not the Dutch bedders, are a host in themselves and, if one looks up the array of species available on a good list, it will be obvious what wonderful

patches of fine colour can be produced from a very early date, right through the early part of the year. Hardy cyclamen are special favourites and we can strongly commend *C. Coum*, with its round deep green foliage and rose-hued flowers. In *C. ibericum* the foliage is more or less zoned with silver, while the colour range includes white with crimson eye, rose pink and deep crimson. Following this comes *C. repandum*, in which the foliage is extremely handsomely marbled and variegated with silver and the flowers are a vivid crimson red. Second only in attraction to these come the dog's-tooth violets, of which the American varieties are far and away ahead of all others. Not only do these present us with spikes of large and beautifully coloured flowers, reminiscent of the cyclamen, but the prettily variegated foliage is an asset that is by no means to be despised. They appreciate partial shade and plenty of moisture, but not wet, and a note should be made to plant deeply enough, otherwise they will perish under the heat of summer.

Fritillarias, from the hardy old *F. Meleagris* to the fastidious *recurva*, are a host in themselves and all worth growing. The *Meleagris* varieties are our chief stand-by, for these can be used in small groups by themselves or interplanted with other carpeting plants. The snowdrop is good for our purpose, but should be employed more as a wilding than a deliberately planned garden plant. Let it peep out here and there in small clumps between stones or by the edge of the path, giving the effect of having "occurred," rather than put there by hand. This, indeed, is the best way to employ many of these bulbous flowers and we would apply the remark with special force to the miniature narcissi, such as *Hoop Petticoat*, *cyclamineus*, *minimus*, *triandrus*, etc. All of these are gems and when well established and well placed, give floral pictures that cannot be excelled.

Hepaticas only need a rather stiff soil to ensure their complete happiness and, where the soil is a really stiff loam and the roots can penetrate deeply, the plants so cover themselves with flowers that the leaves hardly show at all. The alpine hyacinth, with its miniature spikes of amethyst blue flowers, is ever to the fore, but never looks better than when massed in long drifts where its flowers are thrown into still greater prominence by a dense green background. Dwarf bulbous irises will, naturally, call for strong representation and these present all the problems with which the rock gardener loves to grapple. Study of individual requirements, soil, aspect, position, depth, etc., will all be repaid and success means that some of the most delightful floral treasures of the whole year will be your reward. Those who have once had a good patch of spring star flower—*Milla uniflora*—would find it difficult to imagine the rock garden without this splendid bulb. Not only are the flowers exquisite in themselves. Not only are they extremely fragrant, but they flower and flower



THE GLORY OF THE SNOW, *CHIONODOXA LUCILIAE*.

and — just when you think they have finished — you discover that another lot of buds is pushing up to conclude another smaller burst of flowering.

So much prominence has been given to the muscari by the advent of that wonderful variety, *Heavenly Blue*, that it may appear unnecessary to mention these; but it is of the other species we would speak. Good as *Heavenly Blue* is, it is not the only good thing and the white *Pearls of Spain*—*M. botryoides* album—planted in long narrow drifts is a sight that will long remain photographed on the mind. The *Lebanon squill*—*Puschkinia scilloides compacta*—differs from the ordinary scilla, in that its flowers are white, striped and shaded with clear blue. The true *Scilla sibirica* is one of the really true blue bulbous flowers that blooms very early in the year and is second to none, when seen *en masse* in the alpine garden. Even earlier than this comes *Scilla bifolia*, a very deep blue-flowered form that does not exceed 6 ins. in height. Tulip species are unhappily rather costly and this prevents their generous use, but for "speciality" pockets, three to six bulbs of some of these make a most striking feature and to them the rock garden owes some of its brilliant April and May colouring. H. W. C.-W.

THE LATE MR. ANTHONY WATERER

MR. ANTHONY WATERER of Knaphill Nursery, Woking, died on July 24th. He was seventy-three years of age. He was sole partner in "Anthony Waterer," which should not be confused with the Bagshot Nurseries. The Knaphill Nursery is described in a pre-war catalogue, as "the most extensive as it is the oldest establishment in England," and Mr. Waterer was instinctively accurate. This nursery is not, perhaps, so well known to the ordinary gardener as some others, since Mr. Waterer did not bring himself before the public either by advertising or by showing. Mr. Waterer inherited from his father a strong character, a retentive memory, sound judgment, an ample fortune, and a nursery garden containing specimen plants which are among the finest in Britain. A bachelor and not dependent on his profession, he had no incentive or inclination to develop a business which already had a world-wide reputation. Had he decided to do so, he could with a certainty of success have turned to his strain of azaleas, admittedly unrivalled in strength of colour, in size and in character. He never treated these from a commercial point of view, but retained them for his own garden or for distribution among the select few whom he treated as friends rather than as customers. His genuine pride in his azaleas, in his rhododendrons and in his remarkable specimen plants showed him to be a true



A BEAUTIFUL STAR TULIP, *CALOCHORTUS MAWEANUS*.

plant lover. As a raiser and propagator some may say he was unnecessarily insistent on absolute hardness being an essential qualification of any plant that was propagated at Knaphill. If so, this was partly brought about by the treacherous May frosts so prevalent in his garden and partly by the traditions of his long established American trade. For this reason he preferred the Catawbiense strain in his rhododendrons and the Calendulacea in his azaleas. It is often said that it is far easier to attain superiority than to maintain it! Mr. Waterer undoubtedly maintained it. Mr. T. H. Mangles (and no one was better informed), writing to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, July 9th, 1881, referred to the outstanding superiority of the Knaphill azaleas. I am confident expert opinion will agree they are still pre-eminent. That the father and son were fine judges of plants is evidenced not only by this wonderful strain of azaleas, by the long list of world-known rhododendrons raised by them,

but also by their first-class forms of trees and shrubs that have stood the highest test, the test of time! Most of us will agree that the Knaphill forms of the following plants are still first-class: *Quercus coccinea*, *Cupressus erectavivida*, *Juniperus Sabina*, *laburnum*, *cerasus*, *Pyrus japonica* and *Erica cinerea*. Mr. Waterer had a farm adjoining his house in which he took the greatest interest; it was a hobby he was always ready to discuss, and, needless to say, he was an excellent farmer. He appreciated sport and greatly enjoyed a day's shooting or watching the racing at Ascot, which, I believe, he missed this year for the first time. Mr. George Paul, Sir Harry Veitch and Mr. Waterer have all gone now; they were among the men, and very few remain, who delighted to tell us those details of plants and individuals associated with garden history that are so fascinating to really keen gardeners. *Requiescant in pace.* P. D. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FARM LABOURER'S CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of July 26th you discuss the proposal I made in the *Times*, viz., that the problem of paying a "living wage" in agriculture should be solved by enabling the county wage committees to require the payment of children's allowances supplementary to wages, out of a fund made up of employers' contributions. You raise certain doubts and difficulties. Will you allow me briefly to reply to these? First, you say that foreign experience is no guide for this country, because of the much larger proportion of small holdings and peasant proprietors abroad. But this fact has not helped but hindered the development of the children's allowance system in foreign agriculture. It is invariably given by our foreign correspondents as the reason why the system is less extended in agriculture than in industry. To summarise the foreign position shortly, the family allowance system during the past five years has become universal and compulsory in Austria, has been extended through the voluntary action of employers to about three-fifths of the industrial workers of France, has become customary in nearly all new wage agreements in Germany, is spreading with marvellous rapidity in Belgium. Do you seriously think that if the system were one which, as you put it, appeals rather to the heart than to the head, it would have achieved this astonishingly rapid success in these four countries, which certainly cannot afford to waste their economic resources? Does it not rather indicate that poverty has compelled these countries to recognise the fact to which we over here persistently shut our eyes, viz., that since the rising generation has to be provided for somehow, it is more economical, as well as kinder, to provide directly for actually existing children than to proceed on the ridiculous assumption that every man has a family, and that all families are of the same size. Suppose that during the war the Food Controller had accepted this assumption and had issued exactly the same number of cards for sugar, meat, etc., to every adult male—would anyone have considered that an economical way of distributing our food supplies? Secondly, you ask how the employers' contributions are to be levied, and rightly point out that this should not be done in such a way as to penalise those farmers who pay higher than minimum rates. This point can be met either by basing the employers' contributions on the total number of his employees, or on his total wage bill as it would be if he paid only the legal minimum rates to be established under the Bill. By the time this reaches you the Bill will probably have become law, so that for the moment the question of establishing children's allowances on a legal basis is not practical politics. But if the Bill fails—as the figures I gave in the *Times* show, I think, that it inevitably must—to secure the fixing of wage rates adequate for the support of men with three or more children, then the question will come up again. As the Minister for Agriculture lately pointed out in Parliament, "the shortage of labour is already very, very serious in many parts." The census figures I gave show that it is likely to become much more serious in the future. They indicate plainly that the younger men are leaving the country for the towns, no doubt because low wage rates, combined with the housing shortage, make the country no place for a man who wants to marry and aims at keeping his wife and children decently. Your article does not

raise the usual cry that "paying people in proportion to the number of their children will unduly encourage large families," but doubtless it will occur to many of your readers, so may I answer it briefly? In the foreign countries where family allowances are established, there is so far no evidence whatever that they have stimulated the birth-rate. But there is abundant evidence in this country that the causes which do tend to a high birth-rate are overcrowding, poverty (so long as it stops short of actual starvation) and the kind of thriftlessness and indifference to consequences which are everywhere associated with a very low standard of life. It is impossible to develop these points at length here, but my Society, which exists expressly to study the subject, will be glad to give further information to anyone interested.—ELEANOR T. RATHBONE, *The Family Endowment Society.*

A MARTEN IN SUSSEX

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of August 2nd a correspondent, "H. T. C.," asks if I can account for the presence of a marten in Sussex. Of course, the question one always asks when a rare creature is seen far from its usual haunts is, whether it was so clearly seen as to place the identity beyond doubt? An escaped ferret of a dark colour is often reported as a polecat or marten. Of course, the cream chest patch of the marten distinguishes it at once from either ferret or polecat, yet in a hurried glimpse the throat cannot always be seen. If the animal was without doubt a marten, and if escape from captivity can be ruled out, we must conclude it was a wanderer from a distance. Martens are notorious travellers, being apparently possessed of a restless, roving spirit that sends them wandering far afield, with the result that every now and again we read some newspaper record of "a rare animal killed at So-and-so." In this case the marten must have come a long way, either from Wales or the

Lakes, these being the nearest places where the pine marten still holds out. Let us most sincerely hope it will escape the usual fate! —FRANCES PITT.

THE INTRODUCTION OF PINE-APPLES INTO ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the account of the introduction of the pine-apple into England, given in your second article on Dorney Court, Bucks; more especially so as I believe I am able to throw a new light on the matter. The picture by Danckers reproduced is stated by Mr. Hussey, on the authority of Walpole, to be Rose, the Royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II. I suggest that because Evelyn witnessed this event in 1661 (although he says "brought from the Barbadoes," I think he refers to the plant, not the fruit), it is Gabriel Mollet and not John Rose who is portrayed in the picture, because, as may be found from the *Calendar of State Papers*, Rose did not succeed Mollet until 1666 in the post of Royal gardener. The Mollet family, gardeners all (of whom I should be delighted to furnish particulars to any who wish for them), were specialists in the raising of choice fruits and vegetables for the tables of the rich. In conclusion, just a note as to John Rose. He, a great friend to Evelyn, was the first to break away from the "formal" tradition in garden craft, and practically may be said to have laid the foundations of landscape gardening.—F. BERENGER BENDER.

A ROOF GARDEN OF IRISES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which may be of interest. It was taken in Normandy in May, 1924, and shows in full blossom the irises that the peasants frequently plant along the tops of their thatched roofs.—E. M. MILLER.



IRISES ON A THATCHED ROOF IN NORMANDY.

THE LION-TIGER HYBRID.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your picture of the lion-tiger hybrid presented by H.H. the Jam Sahib to the Zoo might well represent what used to be known as the "maneless lion" of Guzerat. There are several records of this animal, which was supposed to be a distinct species of *Felis leo*. In 1783 Captain Smee of the Bombay Infantry shot eleven of them near Cutch. They were known as the "untia bagh," being camel-coloured. (Proceedings of the Zoological Society). About the same time Sir Charles Malet, then "President" of Cambay, during a hunt in the same vicinity shot one of these beasts, "camel-coloured, and esteemed the fiercest and most powerful of its tribe" (Forbes' "Oriental Memoirs"). I had read in the Abbé Dubois' Tours a mention of a simiar beast, and when in camp near Cambay fifty years ago the Vaghri told me of an animal honey-coloured, whether lion or tiger they did not know. I could get no more information, and was never again in the neighbourhood.—G. F. SHEPPARD.

KESTRELS AND CHURCHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You lately published an interesting photograph of a kestrel near the tower of St. Michael's Church in Cornhill. It would almost seem that there must be some ecclesiastical tendencies in these birds which have hitherto escaped observation, because the choristers of Southwell Cathedral possess two



CHORISTERS WITH THEIR HAND-REARED KESTRELS.

hand-reared kestrels. I send you a picture of two of the boys, each with a kestrel in his hand.—HOWARD BARRETT.

SHEEP WITH FOUR HORNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letters which have appeared in your paper on sheep with four horns. As a small boy I remember a flock of about a dozen which were in a paddock on the main road near New Norfolk, Tasmania. This must be about fifty years ago, but, alas, they no longer exist. Probably they were brought out as a curiosity from England.—W. I. T. CLARKE.

LARGE CLUTCHES OF COMMON TERNS' EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Thanks to careful protection from two-legged as well as four-legged robbers of their eggs, the common tern has again, this year, become fairly well established as a breeding species in the Isles of Scilly. Clutches of four eggs among terns are so great a rarity that it may be of interest to state that on one island there were three such clutches, one of these being still unhatched on June 30th. On another island I was astonished to find a clutch of five eggs, the fifth egg being stood on end, thin end downwards. In each clutch the eggs were all of one type and evidently belonged to one bird in each case, rather than to two hens laying in the same nest. On one rock, ten out of the eleven nests contained clutches of three, and the eleventh a clutch of two.—H. W. ROBINSON.

A GREEDY YOUNG CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending the enclosed photograph in case it might be of interest to your readers;



A YOUNG CUCKOO IN A SEASIDE GARDEN.

The young cuckoo lives in the small garden of the seaside house I am staying in at Bognor, and is fed by a pair of wagtails. The female wagtail has all her head feathers pecked off by the greedy cuckoo, which shrieks for food all day long. I was surprised to see a young cuckoo so late in the year.—CICELY BAKER.

marksmanship. I did not get the eye with my first shot, which only worried him slightly. The second was all right, through the shoulder and about five feet of body; a third got him

AFTER ELEPHANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph together with two extracts from letters sent me by my son, B. G. Bradley, of Sitiawan, Perak, Malaya. "I have had a heavy day, thirty-two miles of which were after elephants, and I got within twenty yards of one belonging to a herd of nine. It was pitch dark, no moon and very cloudy. He was enjoying himself no end, laying out banana trees on all sides, having a bath, blowing water about with his trunk and trumpeting like sin. One of the Malays promptly departed, the other and I spent some hours moving round and round trying to get him against the sky so as to obtain a clear shot. We had a push-bike oil lamp which did no good, and could not make out a thing. It was useless firing without having any notion which end was which, so eventually I gave it up. It is, however, distinctly hopeful—though I certainly prefer them in daylight. . . . I got him the following day. . . ." "It was cheery getting the old elephant after all the sweat, though I cannot claim any great

ALSTON COURT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a very interesting article in your paper of July 19th, 1924, on Alston Court in Nayland, Suffolk, by Mr. C. Hussey, he speaks of the late Rev. Edmund Farrar, F.S.A., Rector of Hinderclay. I am glad to say this gentleman is still alive—at least, I have a letter of his dated, July 29th, and his name is "Farrer"; he is no longer of Hinderclay, but he now lives at Botesdale, Diss, Norfolk. He still takes a great interest in all antiquarian matters. Hoping you will correct this mistake and forgive my writing about an old friend.—A. MARGARETTA TWINING.

[It gives us great pleasure to be able to correct this error.—Ed.]

"YE DOG WHIPPER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I understand that the assistant verger at Southwell Minster still receives his official stipend as "dog whipper."—AUBREY T. LAURENCE.



"IT WAS CHEERY GETTING THE OLD ELEPHANT."

HOLIDAY RACING BY THE SEA

SOME INCIDENTS AT BRIGHTON.

SINCE writing on Goodwood, racing has been taking place at Brighton and Lewes, and this week at Folkestone, Nottingham, Kempton Park and Redcar. There is a further dose at Windsor this week-end. Beyond all question the fixture list is fearfully overcrowded, but what the Jockey Club have given with one hand they cannot take away with the other. It is so very easy to give concessions in the way of additional days and fixtures but so very difficult to take away; in fact, it is almost impossible to do the latter. After Goodwood there is a big falling off in the quality of racing. Kempton Park is something of an exception, but then the course there is one of the very best in the country and its popularity steadily increases. But no one would think of judging the place on its August fixture.

Nothing could be more typical of what is meant by holiday racing than the case of Brighton. It is fortunate in having three days at the very best part of August, since it follows immediately on the Bank Holiday fixture at Sandown Park, and is held at a time when Brighton is packed with visitors. Thus they who know little of racing come swarming to the course on the hill top, entering into the visit in the true picnic spirit and determined, if possible, to make the bookmakers pay for their day. The fact that there were such swarms of bookmakers touting for business tells its own story. They probably find the holiday-makers by the sea less sophisticated in the matter of what is and what is not a fair price about a horse. They take what is offered rather than expect to be given what they ask for.

Brighton has been given an additional fixture, which is to be held for the first time in September of next year. That is good for Brighton and places the borough under an obligation to the Jockey Club, for it is beyond question that racing does bring a lot of money into the place in which it is being held. You have only to think of the classic examples of Chester and Doncaster, while lots of others could be named. Now, Brighton, I am sure, was not given this extra fixture because its racecourse is so very good. To be quite frank, it is a very bad one, and instead of being given more racing on it I should have imagined a curtailment might even have been considered. Certainly, you would never have expected the Jockey Club to have given a licence to-day to a course at once so eccentric and unequal. It is some years ago now since we were told the Jockey Club would only in future issue a licence to a racecourse possessed of a straight mile. That policy could not have been in mind when the Brighton season was deliberately extended. When Newbury was established the founders very rightly submitted plans which included a straight mile. They created a very fine course. Brighton's popularity does not hang on its facilities for racing. It is accessible, and it is pleasant for visitors to find themselves by the sea before and after racing. The race-horse is a secondary consideration judging by the nature of a racecourse which is thus tacitly approved.

There was no high-class racing last week, and after what I have written the reason should be quite obvious. Remember I am dealing with holiday racing, which is a thing apart and is the excuse for much that would not be tolerated at ordinary times. It was not always so where Brighton was concerned, but then years ago, when the Brighton Cup drew horses of note, there were not so many better courses and the fixture list did not groan under the burden which now afflicts it. The celebration of the Cup race the other day was truly dismal compared with years gone by. Marie Stuart, who won a St. Leger, won the Cup carrying 9st. 10lb.; the great Isonomy also carried the maximum burden when he won as a four year old. I imagine the race then was on weight-for-age terms with penalties and allowances. Now it is a handicap of a mile and a quarter. Here are the names of some other notable winners of the past: Eager, Clarehaven (winner of a Cesarewitch), Santoi (Ascot Gold Cup), Doricles (St. Leger) and Zinfandel (Ascot Gold Cup). The drop has been most pronounced since the war, the names of Brighton Cup winners in 1919 and after being African Star, Cobbler's Wax, Tinspear, Clochnaben, Hard Farrant and, last week, Morestel. A moderate collection indeed!

Morestel, a brown mare by Rochester, had not been in the first three in any race this season (and there had been five of them) until winning the Cup last week by no less than ten lengths. She had only 6st. 11lb. to carry, but then the top weights were only 7st. 9lb. That shows what their quality must have been. The City and Suburban winner, Dry Toast, carried 7st. 12lb. when he was successful at Epsom a year ago, but his degeneration since has been so steady that the handicapper gave him no more than 7st. 8lb. to carry among these minnows at Brighton. There were indications that this City and Suburban winner was much fancied on this occasion, but, if so, he must be an arch-deceiver. He has finished with racing, and yet no horse could have looked better than Ernest Piggott, the very fine steeplechase and hurdling jockey of his day, turned him out. One recalls Morestel for the way she beat a stable companion, Jarvie, in different ownership for the Grosvenor Cup at Liverpool last November. When

she wins she must apparently create a surprise to all concerned, and yet her trainer, Batho, has fancied her quite a lot on occasions when she has most disappointed. For instance, he gave her quite as good a chance as Jarvie for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and there was some talk about her for the Stewards' Cup, which Compiler won. So far as I could see there was no excuse for her failure, but it was maintained, nevertheless, that something did happen to her. This Brighton race was a quarter of a mile farther and, anyhow, it was altogether a less ambitious affair.

Donoghue once more showed brilliant form on the course. It is extraordinary how after all his years of riding, and bearing in mind he is just about forty years of age, that he should retain all his old dash and courage. For such virtues are called for on this track. He showed us how the brain must act quickly if openings are to be accepted, and how the chances they offer bring honours. He rode five winners during the three days, showing real brilliance on Mr. Jack Joel's Hamlet, winner of the Sussex Stakes; Cloudbank, winner of the Brighton Stakes for Mr. James White; and on a selling plater named Bridge of Dun. Hamlet, with Donoghue up, won a sprint handicap by a head on the course a year ago. This time also he only claimed success by a head, and on each occasion Donoghue rode with remarkable dash, taking an opening that I do not think any other jockey would have dared to go for. It was a different sort of race he had to ride on Cloudbank. This French-bred horse by Nimbus was apparently right out of it a mile from home—it was a mile and a half race—but Donoghue kept him going. He might justifiably have accepted defeat a long way out, but he just kept plodding on, and a quarter of a mile out he had got the Frenchman on terms with the leaders. After that he had to ride a tremendous finish to win by half a length from Crubenmore, who gave the idea that he would have won had he been as game as the winner. What I gathered from the race was that Cloudbank might be a wonderfully good stayer, and should be experimented with in that direction. The horse was purchased in France in the early part of the year.

After weeks of many successes Stanley Wootton's Epsom stable is finding what it means to be out of luck for the time being. His best fancied horses have been just failing him, and, while they have not been routed, there has been just that other one too good for his fancied one of the moment. It was so at Brighton and again later in the week at Lewes. One of his many seconds of the week was the smart two year old gelding Quirk. He had to concede 12lb. to the grey filly Stefanovna, owned by Lord Lascelles, for the Rottingdean Plate at Brighton.

The publication of the plethoric entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, together with rumours that all has not been well with the Derby winner, Sansovino, definitely bring up the subjects of those races. I cannot find that there is anything remarkable in the entries. They do not convey much beyond mere long strings of names and cannot do so until the weights are attached to them. In a way it is surprising to find the names of the French horses, Massine and Filibert de Savoie (first and second respectively for the Ascot Gold Cup) missing from the Cesarewitch. Apparently their owners do not consider that the reputations of those horses can be enhanced by the mere winning of our chief long distance handicap. Yet each would have been given a big weight, and to win a Cesarewitch under a big weight is a considerable achievement. One recalls how Willonyx, after winning both the Ascot Stakes and the Gold Cup, proceeded later in the year to win the Cesarewitch under 9st. 5lb. The White Knight, after winning the Gold Cup, probably put up the best achievement of all in the Cesarewitch when he carried the welter burden of 9st. 12lb. and only just failed to give between forty and fifty pounds to Denure, a mare they thought unbeatable, and who did indeed win, but only just. The weights will be announced early next month, and as usual we shall have the acceptances during the time we shall be at Doncaster. Every one is on the look-out for Cesarewitch pointers during the St. Leger meeting. The winner may be running in the classic race itself, or in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, the Alexandra Handicap, or the Rufford Abbey Handicap.

Sansovino appears to have had had a boil in the region of the hock. That may indicate that the horse's blood is out of order, and though treatment may seem to be effective, there must always be some doubt as to whether everything is quite all right. We may hope so for Lord Derby's sake and for all the many admirers of this good colt. Straitlace is the one the best of the colts will have to beat. She is so very genuine and very good. It is possible that she will gallop them all down, and if I have any doubt at all in her case it is because she has had a pretty hard season. Out at Newmarket for the Guineas, then at Epsom, Ascot and Goodwood is a pretty severe season's work preparatory to being asked to beat the best in the land in the St. Leger. However, I hear that all prospers exceedingly with her, and doubtless she is a hardy sort, as are many of the progeny of that robust and good constituted stallion, Son-in-Law.

PHILIPPOS.

SHOOTING NOTES

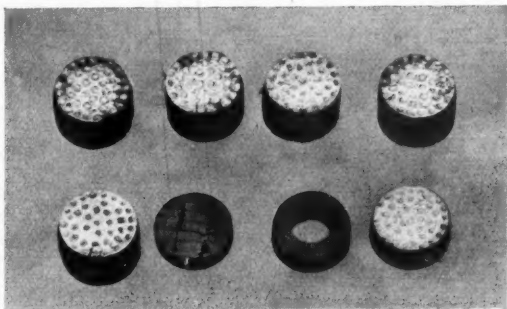
BY MAX BAKER.

PROVISION OF PHEASANT NESTING SITES.

BY way of addendum to last week's note on the subject of trimming game coverts of about a dozen years standing I might mention how the cleared space may be quickly adapted for use by nesting pheasants. Spruce branches of appropriate growth should be leaned against any suitably located bare stems. Not only do the branches themselves form a useful shelter, but the protection they afford to herbage leads to rapid growth amid the natural trellis work. Trampling is discouraged, snow does not have its usual flattening effect, and thus a selection of fully screened nesting sites is provided long before the spring growth of herbage begins. Not only is nesting in hedge-rows, in open fields and other dangerous places discouraged by the provision of more acceptable quarters, but when the time comes for egg collecting nests are more readily found and their contents secured while fertility is highest. When I come accidentally into contact with such useful "dodges" as this I naturally wish that the area of observation could be extended and more extraneous assistance contributed.

REFLECTIONS CAST ON CORK WADDING.

On the 1st inst. I received a call from Mr. Laurence Hutchinson, managing director of the Edinburgh Cork Importing Co., Limited, who asked my aid in rather exceptional circumstances. Apparently, a contemporary has written in condemnation of cork wadding—either a particular sort or inferentially of all sorts—in a manner which he considered unjust, their later treatment of contrary arguments by way of correspondence being also objected to. While it is no function of mine to correct the shortcomings of others there could be no objection to acceding to the request made, which was simply that I should report on certain samples submitted purely on their merits and without regard to such strife as may have arisen. As I am not a student of other people's work in my own line, Mr. Hutchinson sought to remedy my ignorance



CORK WADDING BEFORE AND AFTER EXPULSION FROM THE GUN.

by sending cuttings and originals of correspondence. These I made no effort to study, though a casual glance suggested that the objections lodged against cork wadding are hardly better than debating points and not always accurate at that. Mr. Hutchinson's wadding is the kind known as "H. and R.," and it consists of a pair of wads, together making a thickness of 7/16 inch, the same as a standard felt. One of them is a simple disc, the other a ring, that is a disc having a hole punched out of the middle. Both are waxed, presumably by boiling in the paraffin variety. The system is submitted as an improvement on the kind known as "pneumatic." This last is wholly a cork ring with the hole partially filled by a movable plug about half the thickness of the total wad. There is a Pneumatic Cartridge Co. and Messrs. Bathgate and Co., are in some way associated while also being distinct. About a year ago one of these concerns submitted samples to the trade which they asserted could be used in the manner of ordinary felt, and by one of the firms who had been approached I was asked to test and report on their behaviour. Apparently, there is more in loading cork wadding than felt, for some very bad holes in the pattern plates at a ground where gunmakers make their tests were punched by cartridges so loaded. The assumption is that the powder gases blow through the central hole and fuse the shot charge. My own loading of the same material evinced no such peculiarity. So much for the situation as I know it.

THE CONTRARY SPORTING EXPERIENCE.

For many years past pneumatic cartridges have been intermittently sent to me for test, and, although I could never certify them as being in accordance with accepted precepts in cartridge loading, fairness necessitated uniformly favourable remarks on their practical behaviour. Dickson of Edinburgh, "the Purvey of the North," has always supplied them in large quantities, and I have a recent letter before me saying that last year they must have loaded between 150,000 and 200,000 cartridges with the H. and R. wadding, besides others with pneumatic and that they "are

assured by a considerable number of sportsmen that they can use these cartridges without discomfort, whereas with the ordinary felt wad they were subject to gun headache. One particular customer told us (Messrs. Dickson) that his shooting had improved 30 per cent." Mr. Webster Watts, who is so well known to many sportsmen as the ultra-efficient conductor of a number of first-class syndicate shoots, visited my shooting ground on the 30th ult. and without any species of lead volunteered that a number of his guns used these cartridges and, while disclaiming any ability to discuss them scientifically, were certain that they did better with them than any other kind—they gave less recoil, therefore less velocity, but killed better. The "therefore less velocity" is not quite a scientific certainty, for heavy recoil often means a high muzzle velocity, but with such loss due to battered pellets as to diminish the velocity that counts, viz., that down the range. A further interesting piece of outside evidence may be added. No less an authority than Mr. Horne, whom I have long known to be the most knowledgeable living amateur on sporting guns and cartridge behaviour, paid me a visit to the shooting ground on the 26th ult., accompanied by three of his six stalwart sons, all of them shooters. By way of demonstrating the cartridge testing outfit I put through the routine test one each of the loads he is using at the moment. One gave a good velocity, the other was astonishingly high—and both were cork wadded. The above and much other evidence that comes my way from time to time at least justifies the attitude that the favour shown to this promising new system should not be discouraged by purely theoretical reasoning, or the same based on instrumental tests. The theorist should follow the pioneer, not seek to strangle him in quasi-scientific meshes. Mr. Richmond Watson was an interested spectator of the concluding portion of the tests recorded below. He expected to see balling, but as none appeared and the results struck him as exceptionally good he decided to order a supply of these cartridges for prolonged test in his own shooting. That is the attitude I uphold.

HAVE WE REACHED THE LIMIT OF IMPROVEMENT?

Let us enquire for a moment how we stand as regards sporting cartridge developments. The big factories are of necessity tied to more or less standardised methods and materials. Therefore, the gunmaker—who by the way pioneered the one-ounce load—is our main experimentalist, backed by the sportsmen. Are cartridges perfect to-day? Certainly not while ten per cent. of their number throw cart-wheel patterns. Is the distressing complaint of gun headache—which forbids shooting to so many—properly understood? Again the answer is in the negative, though cork wadding suggests that the obsession of three-ton pressure is under suspicion as a promoting cause. Are cartridges satisfactory so long as one-third of the charge has a wounding rather than a killing effect beyond 25 yds. range? Finally is a muzzle velocity of about 1,350 feet per second in just proportion to a remaining velocity of 615 feet per second at 40 yds.? Improvements in one or other of these directions are surely not impossible; certainly it would be wrong to discount the possibilities of as promising a material as cork. It weighs less than one-third the equivalent of felt, therefore is less likely to promote the pattern disturbance of the comparatively weighty felt, which is driven by the gas blast like a battering ram among the pellets. The spent wads were strewn quite near the gun muzzle, whereas felts often hit the target.

SOME H. AND R. CORK WAD RESULTS.

By way of preliminary test I fired twenty-four rounds, loaded respectively with rather a weak sample of E. C., and an active sample of smokeless diamond, this on a cold wet summer day with the moderate temperature of 65° F. Most of the powder charges were 33 grains and shot 1 1/16 oz., which admittedly does not show H. and R. or any other cork wadding at its best. On the other hand it would accentuate any tendencies towards impotence. In the two final series, when more powder and the one-ounce shot load was used, the cartridge case was over-filled, with the result that deficient turnover prevented the full energy being developed. However, here are the averages of three rounds of each series, individual records having been singularly near the mean:

E. C. Powder, 33 grains, 1 1/16 oz.			Smokeless Diamond.		
Ordinary Felt.			Ordinary Felt.		
PRESSURE.	RECOIL.	VELOCITY.	33 AND 1 1/16.		
1.89 tons.	9.24 in.	1,056 f. s.	2.47	9.76	1,122
H. and R. cork, disc and ring.			As opposite.		
1.52	8.65	1,015	1.65	9.01	1,065
H. and R. cork, 2 discs, no ring.			H. and R., 35 and 1 oz.		
1.66	8.75	1,015	1.78	9.23	1,117
"Pneumatic" cork.			H. and R., 37 and 1 oz.		
1.50	8.59	1,017	1.73	9.37	1,122

The only comment I will make at this stage is that every result was sound from the practical standpoint, while the general indications were excellent. True I could do better with a little more experience, but in that connection await the 100 rounds of Messrs. Dickson's loading of which they have advised the despatch. The reader should compare all the results in the table.

MANNERS AND MODES AT LAWN TENNIS

TO be concerned with lawn tennis is to develop high ideals. The programme issued officially at the Championships contained certain "Hints to Spectators." The first, a request not to applaud during a rally, belongs to the category of "Do not pass behind the bowler's arm," and was directed to the removal of a definite practical inconvenience. It is perfectly plain that it does not impute partisanship; for such applause is just as likely to put off the player it was intended to encourage as the other. But the others—"Do not applaud a double fault," "Do not applaud a net cord stroke," "Do not confine your applause to one competitor"—in these there is that suggestion, and from their being formulated officially it might be assumed that at lawn tennis spectators were guilty of grosser exhibitions of partisanship than at other games. But at no sport that is equally popular would the authorities have taken notice of such trifles; they would have had similar abuses of far greater urgency to remove first. To anyone who is familiar with the crowds that attend other games there is something comical in the Wimbledon crowd being singled out for the implied reproof; there has been nothing relatively so unjust since, many years ago, a certain Radical newspaper used to reprove Mr. Arthur Balfour, as he then was, for the intemperance of his language. This is not to say that the practices pilloried do not exist at Wimbledon; but essentially they are inoffensive; they are manifestations of good will towards one player, not attempts to put the other off; they indicate feelings which the ordinary man would confess to afterwards without hesitation. They did not occur, or very seldom, before the era of International matches, and they mean no more than that the Wimbledon spectator wants his own side to win—to win within the rules. Of course he does. In a world more refined than this, applause would be an expression of artistic ecstasy. The spectator would not applaud a bungle like a double fault (though he might hiss it); he would not applaud a net cord stroke, for it is a fluke and, therefore, without significance; the one player could not cause him pleasure unless the other player caused him pleasure too—the first man must be given opportunities of showing his skill. But, in the world as it is, artistic appreciation is only one element in applause. The spectators who identify themselves with one player take part, in their own way, in the struggle for victory under the rules; they are relieved, as the player himself is, when that victory is brought nearer, and signify their relief "in the usual manner." The applause indicates not so much intellectual as emotional excitement.

The spectator who in a close match is carried away into a spontaneous shout of joy would be a better chap to dine with than the high-brow who explained at length that the game was the thing, not the result. For the spectator the result summarises the game. There is all the moral difference in the world between

that kind of spectator and the one who tries deliberately to influence the result. That kind of spectator is common enough at other sports, but we do not have him at Wimbledon. Cries of dissent from the decisions of a linesman are, in my experience, spontaneous and impartial; it is beside the point that they are often without justification. The cry goes up when the chalk flies, and the spectator has not the experience to know that chalk may fly from the base-line when the ball has pitched two inches over. If it ever falls to the Wimbledon authorities to draw up the programme for the Olympic Games we shall get a Communion Service.

Again, in a newspaper article published recently, it was suggested that cricketers would be sickened by the action of one of the players at Wimbledon. What had he done? He was a lawn tennis player, and, as such, separated from the other fellow by a net—so it was improbable that he had bitten him; he could not have scratched the pitch with his boot to make a spot for the left-hand bowler; he could not have picked the ball out of the scrum when the referee was the other side of it. No; being a lawn tennis player, he had offended after his kind; he had thrown away a point to cancel one that had been awarded him by what he considered a wrong decision of the umpire's. As the writer complains, lawn tennis players often do that. It is not going so badly with a sport when this is the kind of accusation that can be brought against the code of those who follow it. The practice, of course, is illogical, ridiculous and irritating; but one sees how it arose. Lawn tennis players play in private without an umpire. By the code governing such matches, any point about which there can be any doubt is, properly, a let. That is the only code known to the majority of the spectators—placed so as to see, or to think they see, where every ball pitches. It is distasteful to a player to accept an unearned point and so to label himself with the uninitiated as a point-snatcher. It would be different if he were surrounded by experts, with the crowd too far off to hold any opinion with certainty or to exercise influence if they did, for he would know that he was no more likely to be misunderstood than is the batsman who continues his innings after being caught to his knowledge at the wicket. I fancy that at Wimbledon I saw a *reductio ad absurdum* of this point-renouncing. The player concerned is an excellent sportsman—the last man not to abide by any code that is going, absurd or not. He was striker-out with the score 40-15 in a game which meant the loss of the match if he lost it. He returned a ball just as the umpire called it out; he obviously thought it in, as did other people—but there he was, with the score 40-30. It would have been too preposterous to refuse the next service; he took it, but played the rally in a half-hearted way and lost it, and with it a match that he might have won but for a bad decision in his own favour.

E. E. M.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

POULTRY-KEEPING TIPS FROM AMERICA.

IT is pretty well known among poultry-keepers that the Americans understand chickens better than we do, but it is very difficult to find this knowledge expressed in terms which will make it useful in our own poultry yards. A work called "Commercial Poultry Raising," written by H. Armstrong Roberts, and published in this country by Chapman and Hall, is the most practical book on the subject that we have come across, and will well repay the attention of the English poultry-keeper. In the first place, it is severely businesslike and is written for the egg farmer, not for the fancier and the semi-scientific investigator. Mendelism is a word that we were unable to discover; the chapter descriptive of the better known breeds is of reasonable length, and coloured plates are absent.

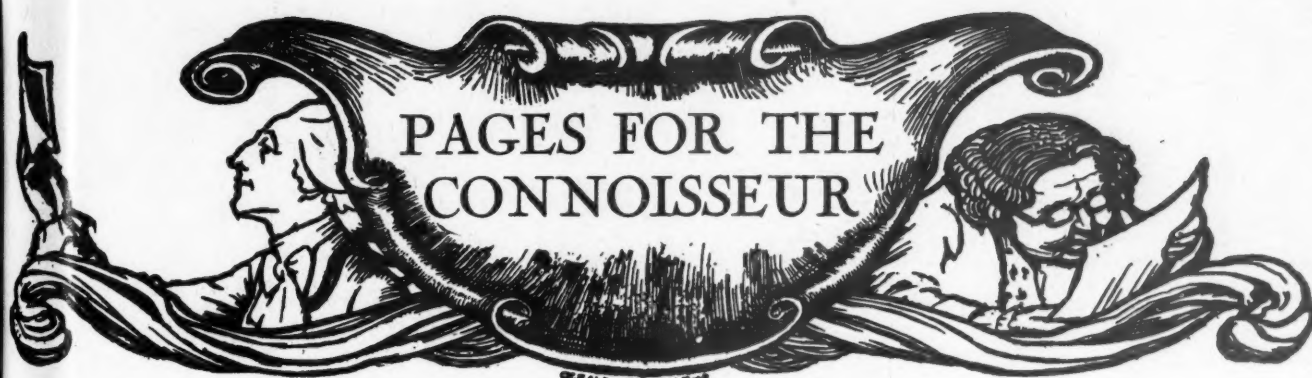
MARKET EGGS.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Kipling's story "With the Night Mail" will appreciate the manner in which interest can be stimulated by a judicious and intelligible use of technical and trade terms. And some of the terms here used in the classification of eggs have that quality which undoubtedly adds a relish to the narrative. Can there be anything in the British egg-dealer's jargon to compare with the term "nearby hennerly" to designate a strictly new-laid egg? The "have-beens" among the eggs are queerly named. Cracked eggs are known as "Checks," "Dents," "Leakers," "Mashers," "Rots" and "Spots" are self-explanatory, except perhaps "Mashers," which are eggshells whose contents are missing. At the top of the market, then, come "Nearby Hennerly Whites, Fine to Fancy," and at the bottom (a short and ominous title) "Blood-Rings." These are a dead loss. We curse our island climate, but it will never be responsible for "Blood-Rings." These are fertile eggs that become so heated in transit that the embryos develop, and, afterwards dying, leave that blood-ring that the tester of incubating eggs knows so well. But should the germ be strong, all goes merrily forward, and it is no uncommon thing during the summer months to find *fully hatched live chicks* in cases of market eggs that come to hand from the South and South-Western States! During such periods losses from heat amount

to 25 per cent. of the total output, and in any case the value of such eggs as do remain fit for human food is as much as 2s. 4d. a dozen below that of the prime article. Naturally, with such a climate and the fact that 90 per cent. of American eggs travel from one to two thousand miles to the consumer, the producer has much to contend with that we are spared in England. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the greatest opportunity for remedying the state of affairs that exists is said to rest with the producer himself. In the Western States farmers are wont to market their eggs in bulk when a four or six weeks' supply has accumulated! Even the first eggs of a batch may be a considerable age when first gathered, for "stolen-nest" eggs are sometimes included. Finally, farm eggs are almost invariably of a high percentage of fertility, which means that, no matter with what consideration they are treated, when the time comes to preserve them (and, we understand, that such eggs are usually preserved), whether in lime, cold storage or water-glass, they have not nearly so good a chance of remaining edible as sterile eggs. So they fetch the lowest price, so low that it hardly pays to collect them.

FRESH EGGS.

New-laid eggs represent only 10 per cent. of the American egg trade, and command a fancy price. These are clean, not *washed clean*, but clean, with the bloom still on them. And they are graded by the producer for colour, weight, freshness and quality of the contents. This last is an important thing, usually lost sight of by the consumer. Many of the eggs that are imported into this country are laid by hens that have access to and devour unspeakable filth. We would commend this chapter to those who cherish the belief that American methods of marketing eggs are far in advance of ours. Perhaps, on the word of the author of this book, they may be induced to realise that on the whole there seems to be nothing in that title to supremacy. For it is the methods employed by those that produce the bulk of the trade that count. The world over, the farmer is of a conservative nature, and it will be long, we think, before he copies, even in a modified way, the methods of the professional egg farmer. We seek a sign, but there shall no sign be given us, not even the simple and significant one of clearing out the horde of picturesque but utterly useless roosters that harry the hens in every barnyard in the land.



A PANELLED ROOM OF THE PAST

IN the decoration of English interiors some great changes took place in the second half of the seventeenth century. It was the age of lacquer, of marqueterie and of the development of the Chinese taste which kept its hold on English applied arts for about a hundred years. The Flemish influence of the earlier times waned and died. As if in preparation for the Palladian style of the succeeding century, the classical ideals of Inigo Jones were brought nearer their prototypes. A remarkable change was evident in interiors lined with wood and decorated by division into panels. In the earlier oak wainscot the framework projected above the enclosed panel; in the later work the panels were raised and the characteristic bolection mouldings prevailed. The arrangement and size of panels were altered and became more closely approximate to the proportions of the classical orders.

The chief centres of decoration in panelled apartments were the chimneypiece and door. In every age the former was always the most conspicuous in a country with the climate of England—a place for old and young to gather round, a place with seats near it and the first object to catch the eye on entering. The chimneypieces by Inigo Jones were famous and were used as models by later architects. Those of the Wren period were distinctive, owing a good deal to his association with Grinling Gibbons. The decoration was exclusively English and in most cases governed the scheme of the apartment. Over the chimney shelf it generally took the form of two festoons of flowers, foliage and fruit, hanging from a central object and fixed points at the outer ends from which depended two drops of similar character carved in the highest relief in lime or some other light-coloured wood. Inside the space there might be a picture, armorial feature, panel, inlaid ornament or a portrait in which—

Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the
melting soul.

The very interesting interior of a room removed from a house across the Welsh border and herein illustrated shows clearly the characteristic treatment of the panelling, chimneypiece and door. Here the swags issue from a scrolled and foliated cartouche, and display roses, campanulas and other flowers, grain, bunches of grapes and fruit with ribbons. The points from which the drops depend are covered by very skilfully designed, carved and perforated bosses of foliage and stems. The carvings in light wood throw very pleasing patches of deep shadow on the dark toned wood. Within a curved frame is the portrait of a young man wearing the long hair and formal costume of the period in landscape background. Flanking the chimneypiece are tall Corinthian pilasters fluted and reeded in the lower part with the entablature reaching to the ceiling. The carving above the

door is of more intricate planning and is in two planes, the under swags coming from under a very rich bunch of flowers to supports and drops at exactly the width of the door. The upper hangs from rings midway between, while both consist of a number of stems delicately carved. The rings are of most artistic character—foliated trefoils, while the outer ones are plain with a carved nail for support. The proportion of the door and the planning of its six panels are admirable and enhanced by its architectural framing and by the plainer panelling around. The times to see the room are in winter when the fire-glow flickers in the dark polished wood; when candlelight falls softly on the carved flowers and fruit or dwells on the edge of a high moulding; or when the spirits of past and forgotten dwellers gather round the embers of the fire, while—

The Moon beam trembling falls
And tips with silver all the walls.

Within the room stands a contemporary State bed in all its splendour. These bedsteads seem to have been one of the necessities in furnishing for a Royal visitor and must have constituted a heavy tax on the resources of the favoured host. The well known instance of the magnificent erection prepared for the reception of James I, by Richard, Earl of Dorset, at a cost of £8,000, was but one of the expenses of the occasion, which must have cost a small fortune; but even in the time of Queen Anne, a bed was prepared for her which cost about £4,000. A magnificent specimen was originally constructed for her use by order of the first Earl of Poulett when she came to Hinton St. George for the christening ceremony of the heir. The Queen's bed at Hampton Court is of simple character by comparison.

The specimen here was formerly at Normanton. The whole of its interior including the carved wood canopy, valances and back curtains is covered with crimson and green patterned damask. The four curtains at the posts, reaching to the ground, are of the same colour and pattern as are the top valances which are scalloped fringed and tasselled. The cornice is decorated with great scrolled leaves and upon the valance are line designs that have the effect of a monogram. The carved and scrolled head-board is covered with the prevailing green and crimson damask—the whole is a gorgeous monument of the past.

Here, too, is an object which in its prime has figured in many august occasions. It is a master's chair of early Georgian times, which looks its part, by reason of height and crimson stamped velvet and also by virtue of a carved and gilt wood plaque with the arms of a Vintners' Company with a scroll having their motto below. It is of walnut,



DOOR IN A LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ROOM, SURMOUNTED BY PEARWOOD SWAGS OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

its scroll arms of very fine shape have most unusual supports of rectangular form, while the somewhat thin cabriole legs have lion's-claw feet. Until recently it was the property of the Duchess of Wellington.

The ways of Fortune in shaping the destiny of famous works of art are stranger than the pages of fiction can tell. Volumes might be written on the great masterpieces now lost to the world. What they were like is sometimes preserved in ways the artists little meant. Interest in them is intensified when there are historical and human associations or when they were involved in the rise or fall of princes and potentates. A strange story of the instability of man's prosperity and power might be told by a bronze statuette of David, reasonably attributed to Michelangelo, could it but speak.

It begins with the great love for the Renaissance art of Italy on the part of Pierre de Rohan, Maréchal de Gié, Governor of Angers and Amboise, who accompanied Charles VIII of France in his Italian "campaign" of 1494. On his return he built the Château de Verger, in the style of those he had seen in Italy, and furnished it with Italian objects of art. Through the Signoria of Florence he ordered a statue of David from Michelangelo in 1502 for its decoration, and the making of it was put in hand. The statue, however, was not finished until 1508. Meanwhile, misfortune fell upon the Maréchal. At the instigation of his enemies, Anne of Brittany, Louise of Savoy and Cardinal d'Amboise, he was impeached for high treason in 1506, and although acquitted, he was bereft of his offices and banished from Court. He retired to Le Verger and lived quietly in the enjoyment of his treasures of art until his death in 1513.

The Signoria of Florence who were concerned in the commission for the bronze David by Michelangelo, keenly interested in the politics of France, had noted the downfall of the Maréchal, so when the statue was finished they decided not to send it to him but to the coming man in France, who was destined to be the greatest power there for many years—Florimond Robertet, Baron d'Alluye, who set it up in the courtyard of his Château de Bury, near Blois. In time the château fell into ruins and the statue disappeared, but the sculptor's model of it, which probably was returned to Italy after approval, is still with us, the property of Mr. A. Spero, King Street, S.W. With it is a superb collection of bronzes of the Italian Renaissance, including examples by the most famous artists of the early sixteenth century.

There are a number of quattrocento animal bronzes of extraordinary importance, including an elephant typical of the period, a solid cast with a black patina, a wonderful figure of a greyhound in a sitting posture showing fine decorative outlines and entirely covered with a rich brown patina—these are illustrated in Dr. Bode's "Italian Bronzes of the Renaissance," as well as the life-like and most artistic figure of a cat with a lizard in its mouth.

Our illustrations are by courtesy of Messrs. Turner, Lord and Co., of Mount Street, W.

D. VAN DE GOOTE.



THE CHIMNEYPiece OF THE SAME ROOM.



A CONTEMPORARY STATE BED IN THE SAME ROOM, HUNG WITH CRIMSON AND GREEN DAMASK. FORMERLY AT NORMANTON.